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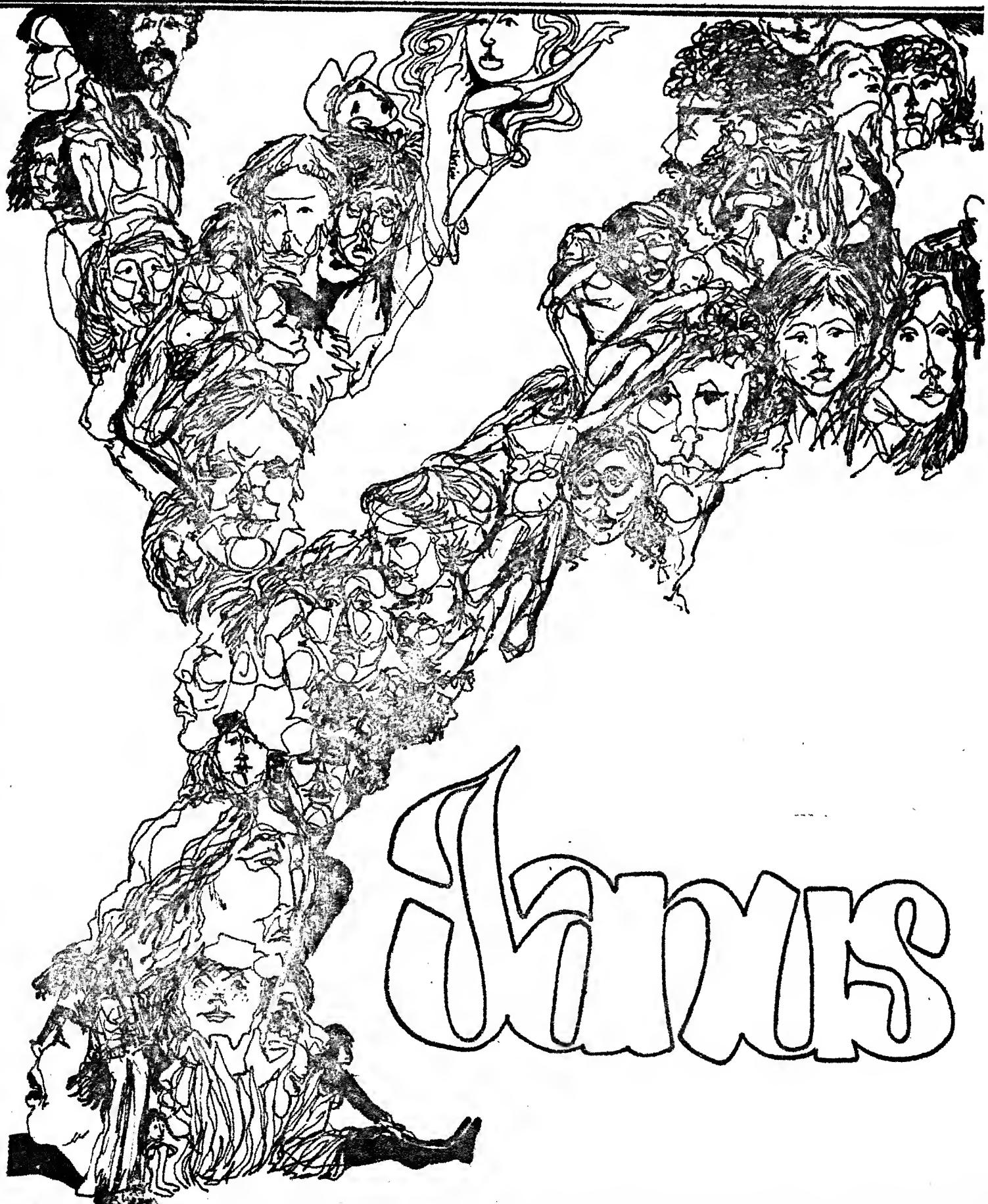


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JANUS

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Jeanne Gomoll

Hello there peoples! Welcome back to The publication of Mad-town (where, in a recent survey conducted by the WISCONSIN DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION, it was learned that 16 Madison folks report that they ride a subway to work... We're thinking of applying for Federal funds in order to help boost the pitifully low ridership on what - incredibly! - everyone thought was a non-existent facility!!). Welcome! And beware.

This is the What-the-hell is-going-on-here department.

So what's comin' down?

The convention plans, those "it-is-rumored-that plans, recall?) have been temporarily scuttled, at least with respect to the month of May. Still very much alive and squirming, however, are those same plans for next year, February specifically. We hope to attract a feminist sf writer and put on The best Madcon the world has ever noticed.

Also there is much chortling about how really, incredibly CHEAP it will be (seeing as how we get this great Deal on a beautiful convention center through the UW-Madison). But anyway, needless to note, there will be much more news in forthcoming issues.

Always busy, the MADSTF group (meeting as it does Wednesday eves at 7:30 at the Madison Book Coop) is busy polishing up a radio play based upon a Philip K. Dick short story, "A Present for Pat," (adapted by Perri Corrick and Hank Luttrell). We hope to convince a radio station in town to send it out to unsuspecting mainstream ears on their airwaves. If all goes well (and we don't shoot the next jet down that dares to roar overhead while we're taping) - we will probably be doing more radio stuff in future times (plus video, if Hank has his way).

Besides that, and having a really fine time at the MiniCon, the MADSTF group has also publicized a couple previous weekly meetings to the community and moved for those occasions into larger halls in order to accommodate the crushing crowds (sic, sic). During those expanded meetings, individual members have conducted discussions on certain authors (Tom Murn on Roger Zelazny, Hank Luttrell on Philip K. Dick, Philip Kaveny on Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and myself on Robert Heinlein). In the future we are planning similar extravaganzas on such writers as Marion Zimmer Bradley, Doris Lessing and Isaac Asimov. Anyway, if you're in the area, maybe you'd like to drop by some Wednesday evening and check things out.

In connection to JANUS, well you're holding in your very hands the main thing. But otherwise, Jan and I are proudly increasing our printing number by a hundred or so, thus does our readership multiply... Also, we've been getting such a lot of neat letters that we are taking some advice that Steve Johnson gave us in his great Now-That-You're-Grown-Up-These-Are-The-Things-You-Should-Know letter (which, very seriously,

was much appreciated), and we're commencing with the practice of editing our letters... Right now, due to insurmountable financial problems (You know...) we are unable to take the advice several among you gave us with regard to beginning each story/article/whatever on a new page. We're opting for conservation of paper. Maybe when we're wealthy and dreaming of Hugos----

Ahem! So: Next month, we're planning a Blood For Heinlein Commemorative Cover, along with our regular features of course, and uh, um... (...blush...scrinch...)... the (marion zimmer bradley) (shhhhhh) (article)...

To explain--

As originally planned, the following editorial would have been Jan's turn at bat. If it were not for several obstacles, she most certainly would have returned a volley of debilitating, smashing arguments. (She was, I believe, prepared to prove me a dangerous paranoid in order to have me committed.) My arguments would have been presented as precarious to say the least... It is with some relief then, that I describe the obstacles which prevented my arguments' demise at the point of Jan's able pen. Engaged in her written and oral exams for a Master's Degree at the UW, she has understandably found it impossible to contribute to this issue of JANUS beyond her duties as Editor.

Thus encumbered, Jan has nevertheless been rescued from a loss-by-default by the timely arrival of an excellent supportive essay by Peter Werner. I must say that I find myself agreeing with most of his points and much impressed, nay, even swayed by his suggestion as to the definitive element of sf. Read on...



...the war goes on...
(by proxy)

Peter Werner

— PETER WERNER —

From the editorials of the first three issues of JANUS, it's pretty clear that Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll have a disagreement about the relation between literature and science fiction. If I remember and understand Jan's position, I believe she thinks SF is distinctly a separate genre -- which, according to Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary (1974) is "a category of artistic, musical, or literary composition characterized by a particular style, form, or content." Whereas Jeanne believes, in "Is SF Dead," that SF is not a separate genre -- she says because SF is a fad of the times, dependent on the conditions of this particular historical period.

I would comment first of all that it is useful for the reader to have certain informal categories, like the detective story, the science fiction tale, the fantasy story, the adventure story, the family situation story, and so forth. I don't know if these could be grouped or separated into smaller groups of stories by more objective methods, but they are useful categories nevertheless.

Secondly, what does it matter if any useful group occurred only during Plato's lifetime, or if it survived? Species of the plant and animal kingdoms don't last forever, but they are still recognizably distinct while they exist; would you say that the category of dinosaurs does not exist, just because dinosaurs are extinct? Their remains are still around in the form of fossilized bones -- and in the form of living reptiles still alive today. So if SF were to die out, that is no reason for saying SF is not a genre -- and according to Webster's definition, above, only the style, form, and content are relevant criteria, while the period of history has no relevance whatsoever. Extinct literary forms, like extinct dinosaurs, are still separable entities -- and like dinosaurs, they may develop viable offspring in a future time.

Third, the only relevant question is: does SF have a particular style, form, or content, that separates it from other literary genres (note: a genre is a category within literature in general, so that it is ridiculous and meaningless to contrast SF and literature: literature is not a genre, unless perhaps in comparison to music or painting, etc.). A correlative question is how well SF compares to other category-candidates in quality. In other words, if there were two groups of stories, one SF and the other the similar form, fantasy; one may ask, are these distinct, or are they co-equal aspects of one category, or is one so much inferior in quality that it is merely a bastard imitation? And, are some of the stories of these groups much higher in quality than others?

There is an analogy here to theories of how scientists form into groups. Thomas S. Kuhn, in his STRUCTURE OF SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTIONS, argues that scientific communities organize themselves in imitation of certain paradigms, or acknowledged ways of doing things -- until there is a revolution when a small minority of scientists forms a new paradigm, which then competes for practitioners, in terms of its success relative to the old paradigm.

I believe that is how groups within literature organize themselves. Genres follow certain paradigms; the lesser writers imitate the greater within the same recognized group. And, as Kuhn says, new forms often are created on the peripheral regions of human social concern. Thus, if authors acknowledge themselves as SF writers, and isolate themselves as a distinct group within writers in general, that may serve a useful function for themselves, and moreover may develop eventually into a respected paradigm, equal in stature to any other.

What distinguishes SF, beyond the community of authors who recognize themselves as SF authors? The only relevant criterion, in my opinion, is content. It is ridiculous to compare the novel, which is a distinct form, to SF, which has distinct content. As for style, there are many styles in any form-separable genre, since, for instance, the novel has various forms -- and there are many styles in any content-separable genre, such as SF.

Science fiction, or speculative fiction, or fantasy in general, is separable from literature that does not share an interest in -- surrealism. I believe surrealism is the paradigm SF should use to organize itself, and that surrealism is what separates

SF from nonsurreal literary forms. Surrealism is, according to Webster's, "the principles, ideals, or practice of producing fantastic or incongruous imagery or effects in art, literature, or theatre by means of unnatural juxtapositions and combinations." In the case of some varieties of SF, that means scientific hardware and its effects on society. Or scientific discoveries, such as the "jump through hyperspace," which of course is not at present a natural phenomenon at all, but only speculation — a form of unnatural juxtaposition and combination, in that our ordinary universe, consisting of our present social structure, and physical space, is modified in one particular unnatural way, while the rest is kept the same. Or, as in the LANGUAGES OF PAO (one of the most interesting science fictional novels I have ever read), by Jack Vance, a discovery of human social science (language in that case) is used to modify human society in general, by the unnatural juxtaposition of that idea with the previous basis for social organization. Or, at what I personally consider the highest level, something that DUNE, by Frank Herbert, illustrates — a modification by drugs, or other agency, such as the supernatural or magic, of the human psyche, and by modification of one man into a prophet or godlike being, the result is a change in all of human history and social organization.

But there are forms of surrealism that need not have any scientific component: horror stories, nonscientific fantasies, the experiences of a schizophrenic mind, or the extraordinary reality discussed by Carlos Castaneda in his books, JOURNEY TO IXTLAN, and others. If SF as such is a genre, it must be separable from these other literary ideas. And science is the only distinction that will separate SF from other forms of surrealism, in my opinion.

But though science makes SF a genre distinct from surrealism in general, any SF writer who did not see the connection of SF and fantasy to extraordinary reality would not only be losing a lot of potential creativity — he'd be a damned fool.

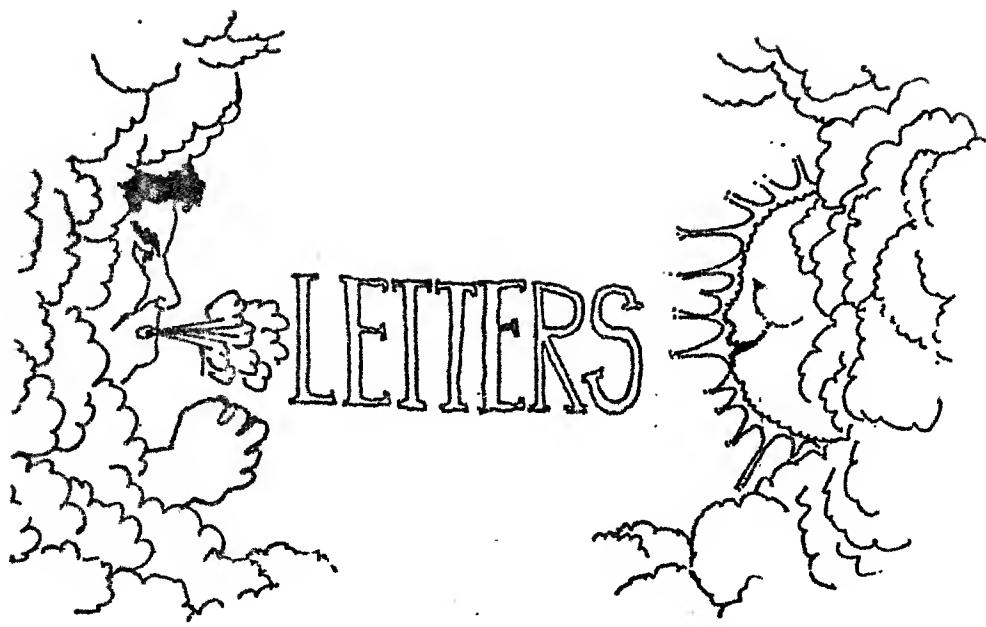
THE DREAM

Relative to all is the passage of time,
Many different ways I've sought to try to slow down mine.
All my thoughts are tied to near and farther dreams,
But as time goes, the fewer near and more farther they do seem.

Time stretches out between these dreams while their hunt is on,
Behind I see the time snaps back, where has it all gone?
I turn and see my life unfold in compact episodes,
The chapters of a dismal book with many highs and lows.

My life laid bare, in retrospect, for my saddened view,
I'll gather all my pages up and bid goodbye to you.

CAT VOGEL



CAT VOGEL
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I thoroughly enjoyed the first issue of JANUS. I only hope the "Zine" can continue by being longer and having longer and better development of its short stories. The ideas for the stories themselves, I felt, were well conceived but could have carried more than they did...I especially liked the stories by Charles Holy, specifically, the irony of MESSAGE FOR THE SON OF THE SUN...I also felt that the reviews by Thomas Murn were cleverly written but what the hell is he trying to say. I have always felt that the job of a critic is to offer praise or criticism of a constructive nature. His (or her) literary style should be clear enough to communicate this to the perspective reader. Although obviously negative, it would be pretty hard to be anything but, with Murn's gossip columnist jargon. Has Rona Barret ever been positive about her subjects? I much preferred the review by Bill Brohaugh and your analysis of the blend of science and fiction [Jan's]. They both offer a chance for inter-change of ideas. Murn should turn to story writing himself and give his style a chance to say something.

Buck Coulson
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Actually, the plight of women characters in stf is obvious from its history; an adventure literature oriented to teen-age males. Shaky egos require a literature that reinforces them. (Maybe today's male teen-agers are more confident, but I haven't seen anything to make me think they've changed since the heyday of the stf pulps in the late 1930's.) Now that there is a larger female audience for the field, there will be an improvement in the female characters.

I'm rather surprised you enjoyed anything about the Gor novels. I can't say I do, except for the occasional bit of writing that is so bad it's funny. Mostly, Norman's

turgid mock-Burroughs style bores me, and I imagine if I ever read an entire book the continual rape scenes would get boring, as well. (In fact, they do anyway. I get the books for review, or I wouldn't have them.)...

Of course a definition of science fiction isn't impossible. I've had a very good one for years, but nobody ever remembers to quote it. (Except de Camp, who used it or its twin in SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK.) And if you can't say that this body of works is sf and that body isn't, I can. (Other people might not agree with me, but that's their hard luck.)

Don't take Mark Sharpe too seriously on this "sf promag out of Indianapolis" bit. It isn't a prozine; it's a glorified fanzine. And I'll believe its appearance when I see it. (It isn't a prozine because it isn't paying for material - unless one can, like Mark, strongarm the editor.)

I agree that YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN is a good book; I enjoyed it thoroughly. Now Bartelt ought to try getting Tucker's other more or less recent time-travel novel, THE LINCOLN HUNTERS. In that one, he definitely doesn't deal with paradoxes; he steam-rollers right through one of them. Oh well, Tucker is a good man, even if he is the individual Bloch wrote PSYCHO about....

As for the NEWSWEEK commentary; Mr. Bartelt, meet Ms. Gomoll....At least, it's nice to have diversity of opinion among the editorial staff.

Your fanzine is excellent for killing moths with. Thought you might like to know. (No, I didn't just let them smell it; I swatted them.)

Frankly, I think reading psychological implications into "All You Zombies" is a waste of time. "By His Bootstraps" reads precisely like a problem story - for the author, not the reader. Heinlein worked it out like a crossword puzzle, probably just to see if it could be done, and to poke a little good clean fun at time-travel paradoxes. (Panshin thinks that Heinlein doesn't have a sense of humor. Panshin is a nice guy, but wrong.) Then, when Heinlein discovered sex (or when he was allowed to use it in his stories by the editors of the day), he decided to carry the idea one step further. (And even more recently, David Gerrold expanded it into a novel; I'm surprised Heinlein didn't beat him to it.) And "They" was probably an attempt to rewrite an A. E. van Vogt idea so it made sense. As for the "Heinlein Individual," I suspect Heinlein of borrowing his characters in toto from Clarence Buddington Kelland, who wrote about the same triumvirate of Competent But Unsophisticated Hero, Wise-Cracking Heroine, and Wise Old Man, and did it for the SATURDAY EVENING POST, a market Heinlein obviously worked some years to crack. Heinlein obviously approves of the Competent Man, or he wouldn't continue to write about him constantly once the POST market is behind him, but analyzing an author's personality from his characters is more than a little imprecise. I approve of the Competent Man (and I probably model my characters on Kelland because I enjoyed his stories), but that doesn't mean I think I am one.

(What I think I am is God....But I don't want to infringe on de Camp.)

Mainly, I think that articles about the psychological significance of stories tend to neglect one major detail. Writers do not pour out their souls for the fun of it; they do it for a specific Market. (As Michael Coney said when I complained about the ending of one of his early novels. "I got stuck partway through, and so finally I sat down and typed What am I trying to do with this novel? And I looked at it awhile and then I typed I am trying to sell this novel. So I put on an ending that would sell it." --An imprecise quote because I'm too lazy to look up the published one, but essentially correct.)

Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3
Canada

Dear Two-Headed Folks: There is an ad on television in which a sincere gentleman pokes his finger through an extremely thin plastic film in an attempt to demonstrate the extreme sparseness of a given oil covering. It's a rather impressive demonstration of

the overly sensitive nature of certain membranes. Had I known that the egos of the JANUS editorial staff made this oil spill look like a sheet of two-inch thick stainless steel, I'd have been more circumspect in my original remarks. I never intended to imply that you were mere shadows of Hank Luttrell; anyone who reads STARLING and JANUS must be instantly aware that the creative forces behind the two magazines are entirely different. I merely wished to indicate certain physical similarities between the fanzines: that the overly sensitive Mr. Bartelt is unaware of these resemblances is probably indicative of the fact that he's never looked at the two magazines together. The similarities are there: I am not making them up. And I wasn't implying anything in any way derogatory by pointing them out. You have a good magazine in JANUS (nowhere near as good as Harlan says, but he always did have a tendency to ~~exaggerate~~ where fandom was concerned) & I hope you realize that soon and stop being on the defensive. In the meantime, I don't need this sort of aggravation. Good luck, etc.

Laurine White
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book was the last real Gor story. In the 7th Gor book the heroine is given a shot by somebody. I assume the biological sciences are highly developed on Gor, which would explain people having long lifespans and not getting sick. That shot she was given probably prevents her getting pregnant also.

I couldn't figure out what that thing by Thomas J. Murn on page 4 was. "City as Idea" was interesting. I'm not familiar with A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA, but I'd expect such an article to cover THE CAVES OF STEEL and CITY, which it did. In DIMENSION OF MIRACLES, Robert Sheckley used a city run by computer and designed as a pleasant place for people to live. The only drawback was the computer insisted on drowning everyone in mother love, so all the people moved away. This article was well-researched.

*[Norman! not normal, I'd hate to think he was normal! -J. Bogstad]

The cartoon on page 8 reminds me of my visit to Denver for MileHiCon last year. A buffalo in the Denver zoo had been mutilated in the same way as the cows on the plains. I read all of "The Kaboodlian Chronicles" and am sorry to say I thought it is a waste of space. "Encounter with a UFO" actually started out realistically. What a shame to waste such an excellent beginning on a joke story!...

I haven't read FLYER by Gail Kimberley, or maybe I did and forgot the experience. (Yes, now I remember that book.) But it surely isn't so bad as to deserve such a killer review. FLYER is no worse than a lot of dreck being published now. That was an enjoyable review of the movie "A Boy and His Dog." Harlan Ellison was supposed to write a sequel about Blood leaving Vic to join company with a girl even tougher than Vic. Maybe it appeared in F&SF, but I never read it.

Doug Barbour
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i know, i know, it's late, i shdve written earlier, but let me tell you that when i finally got around to reading yr zine i enjoyed it. ok? especially i enjoyed the editorial (& i hope you will talk tough feminists (& have you read KHATRU 3/4? you should, you should) & maybe spark some good discussion by doing so); 'the city as idea' (tho i cdve wisht for more; & where was some mention of 1 of the most important sf cities, clarke's THE CITY AND THE STARS?); chandler's letter; the book reviews (murn's a bit hard on SF TODAY & TOMORROW, but he's right to point to delany's essays as centrally important to an understanding of the literary possibilities of the field, good on him); the movie reviews (i think im with you jeanne more than phillip on A BOY AND HIS DOG. we hadnt read the story for quite a while, tho i like it, but we both felt that the movie did precisely what you said, made it too easy for us to hate quilla june, & so one of the most powerful effects of the story is lost. i enjoyd the dog, & some of the scenes, but i found i didnt really care for anyone, not even blood, in the film, & somehow ellison, by telling the story thru vic, made me care for him, even tho he was a bastard of sorts. yr criticism of the treatment of women in both story & film has validity, tho. even heinlein, old sexist that he is, recognizes that if the women are few, they will be well treated (MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS)). you need a lettercol, of course, if youre to be a real fanzine, but with material like you've got in #2, that should be no problem.

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How does Jan like Andre Norton? She's managed to express some feminist sentiments in S&S form, as well as doing a lot that might be S&S except that it is seen in the women's half of the culture ("Amber out of Quayth" for example). A woman I have a story for the next issue from is apparently working on a women's mythology-history etc in similar settings, and she's very good, so I'm looking forward to it.

[I generally enjoy Ms. Norton's work and have done so since about age 10. I just recently read Forerunner Foray. It was quite a bit better than Iron Cage.-- J. Bogstad]

Don D'Ammassa
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Enjoyed this issue of JANUS very much. The two best pieces are the ones on Heinlein and Bradbury, to which I have nothing to add.

I'd like to quibble with Jeanne Gomoll's apparent insistence that the word "genre" implies precise borders. It's just not so. To take an example, there was at one time a revolutionary new idea in art, that it should concentrate on commonplace things (home scenes, still life, harvesting, etc.) rather than religious painting and portraits. This movement was called "genre painting." But the borderlines were murky. After all, aren't portraits commonplace things? Is a painting of a small church in a village "genre painting" or religious? Genres are movements, not absolutes.

I think you missed the point of CHTHON in your review. If you read the postscript, Anthony points out that the sections of the novel are paired. If you read the first part with that in mind, you can predict how the character will act during the paired section. I don't think Anthony carried it off completely, because it's rather ambitious an idea, but CHTHON certainly did have a coherent plot. The sequel, PHTHOR, on the other hand, disintegrates into near drivel at times.

Vonda N. McIntyre
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Thanks very much for sending me your fanzine. I don't get many fanzines but among those I've seen I thought yours was of very high quality.

I'm pleased that you enjoy my work, and flattered by what you said about it particularly the favorable comparisons with LeGuin.

P.S. One thing, when you quote from a book and leave out a phrase, please use the ellipsis (...) to indicate you're condensing. The quote on p. 38 is not really what I wrote, and, as published, comes out rather clumsy. And, um, no offense, but you guys desperately need a proofreader who can spell.

[With profuse apologies, here is the correct quote:

Mischa had realized several years before that she could see in some places where other people could not see at all, but she had not realized that the ability had protected her from a primal fear.

-J. Gomoll]

Steve Johnson
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Glancing again at Harlan's letter in your third issue, I was somewhat surprised that he found the openly feminist slant of your zine atypical of sf fanzines. Now I'm not in touch with fanzine fandom at the moment, but what surprises me are the lunkhead men (including many of my friends) who don't see their own interests in liberation from roles narrowly defined on sexual lines. That sf failed to "predict" or deal meaningfully with liberation/feminism in advance of the fact does not, of course, say much for this literature's social foresight, supposedly one of its major virtues. Like most people, sf writers (in hindsight particularly) demonstrate the degree to which they are culture bound, and unless we take the propaganda on the virtues of sf too seriously, this shouldn't surprise us, even if it is dismaying. (For my own part, I enjoy cooking & keeping house -- though I'm certainly not a 'gourmet cook' either in skills or the hidebound outlook common to this group ('No women in my kitchen!'), -- which I find perfectly compatible with a love of tools & mechanical 'fix-it' labor and production type labor. My 'professional' interests in history have been coming in last in that list lately.)...

[Another letter, from Alexei Panshin, is printed on page 28.]

BILL BROHAUGH: You have many elements of fantasy in your fiction. You have said that there is no real mixing of the mythologies in sf, and that there should be. Would you care to elaborate?

CLIFFORD SIMAK: I have always felt that we were a little narrow-minded in insisting that what we are writing is sf, because that's a bastard term at best. What we are writing is fantasy. It may be fantasy based on physical sciences, it may be fantasy based on the old mythologies which we use as patterns to develop new mythologies, it may be fantasy based on social sciences or political sciences, but what we're writing is fantasy. So that I suppose nothing can be done about it now because the term "sf" has become imbedded in concrete. And you simply can't say, "Well, there's no such thing as sf, it's all fantasy."

I do feel, that what we're writing is in one field, and that's the big field of fantasy. For that reason, I have mixed what is generally termed fantasy and sf and I think with some amount of success. Some of the critics - if you can call them critics - have taken a very dim view of this. But they haven't changed my position at all. You can mix fantasy and science fiction, if you do it in a workman-like manner.

B.B.: It can be said that the Clifford Simak alien is like no other in sf. How do you go about conceiving your aliens?

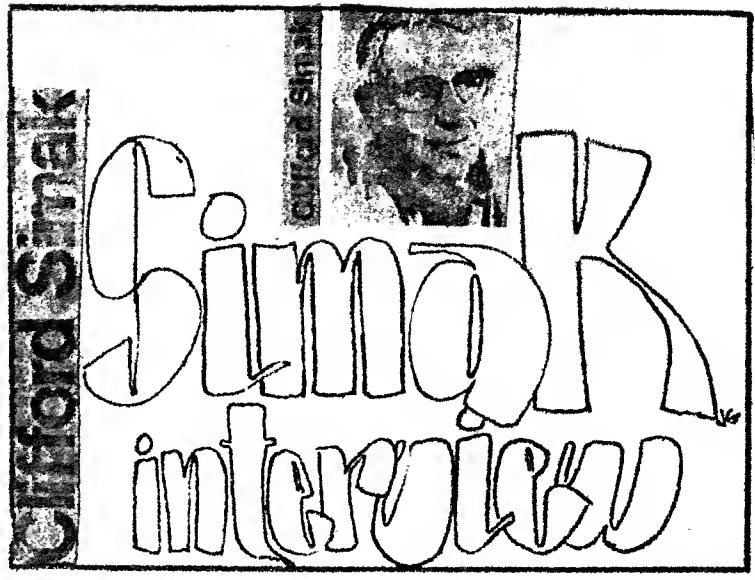
C.S.: My aliens, and I suppose the aliens of quite a number of other writers, are based on a very deep respect for all kinds of life. So that when you're writing about life of any kind you're sympathetic toward it. You strive to see some good in it. You attempt to understand the motive under which it is operating. It's because, I suppose, that if we ever met an alien being, it might be repulsive, it might be frightening, we might find more kinship with a spider than we do with it. But the thing you must remember is that it has life and the spider has life and we have life and here's common ground on which we can stand. If we're going to have any understanding of the universe at all, we must have a deep respect for life.

B.B.: How do you incorporate that philosophy into your fiction?

C.S.: I've never thought about that. I write from the gut, you know. If I believe that, I must certainly be incorporating it some way. I've never consciously done it. I think a good deal of my writing has reflected that I have a high respect for life and that I do think that intelligence is the one thing that's important in the universe.

B.B.: Do you think then, that science fiction can be an educational vehicle?

C.S.: I think that perhaps it is a good training in correct thinking. But as far as being educational, I'm not too sure. If you read Shakespeare, you can get a hell of a lot out of him, and I would suspect that if you read as much good science fiction as you read Shakespeare you would get a great deal out of it. So, I think fiction is definitely a proving ground in which we can test and strengthen our emotional and intellectual values.



BY BILL BROHAUGH

B.B.: Do you seek to educate when you write?

C.S.: If I tried to seek to educate, why, I'd be failing my purpose. What I do is a gut reaction -- without saying this in effect -- but in the tenor of my story I say "Well, this is how I feel about it. This is how somebody else may feel about it." I raise questions, and hope that maybe the reader may stop for just a few seconds while he's reading and think about it. There's no conscious effort to educate. After all, fiction's first purpose is to entertain, and if you fail that, you fail everything.

B.B.: Out of your opus, which is very substantial by now, do you have a favorite work?

C.S.: If anybody asked what I have written that is outstanding everybody would say CITY. The thing about CITY was that it caught on back in the old days and the legend has lived on. This is, I think, a pretty good piece of work. Yes, I think I do have a favorite work. I like A CHOICE OF GODS, for example. That's one of my favorites in novel length. In shorter lengths, I would think "A Thing in the Stone." I'm trying to think of another title, and I can't.

B.B.: What is it about those works that would cause you to chose them?

C.S.: A CHOICE OF GODS because it was a story that I had to write. It's an idea story. There's little action -- practically no action -- there's actually no hero; there are no villains. But it does say a few things that I have wanted to say for a long time. I had wanted to write this story and simply couldn't do it because I tried to plot it in a conventional manner. So finally, to get it off my back, if nothing else, I sat down and wrote it. My agent thought it was an unacceptable story, but my publisher was extremely pleased about it. So it did see the light of print. I would not have been surprised if it hadn't.

And "A Thing in the Stone" is once again what I've just been telling you about about respect for all life, no matter where it may come from or what kind of life it may be.

B.B.: Do ideas ever get in the way of characterization?

C.S.: Oh, I suppose they do. But what you have to consider in the critics is that they ask too much of us, you know. In sf, you build a new world, or if not a new world, at least a new society, which is not like the here-and-now. You people it with people perhaps in the far future. You people it with strange alien beings, you people it with new ideas and new mores. And then, in addition to doing that they say, "Well, damn it, you're not doing a job of characterization" because the people who write it are so busy in making the reader suspend his disbelief, as regards all these other new factors that have been put into the story.

B.B.: Are your characters important to you?

C.S.: Very important to me. Sometimes they take over the story. They develop as you work with them and write about them and think about them. I've had many instances where I've had to go back two or three chapters and rewrite because the character had taken over and he had become an awfully lot better character than I had put down in my notes.

B.B.: Do you model your characters on people you know?

C.S.: Never. No.

B.B.: So they're purely products of the imagination.

C.S.: Yeah. And they're not autobiographical, either, despite what people may say.

B.B.: You've also claimed that you're not a regionalist, yet your stories have a distinct regional flavor. To tell you the truth, I love to see Wisconsin in print.

C.S.: You write about what you know. You write about your old home country. And Wisconsin is my home country: there's no question about that. I think that the first 20 years of a man's life is the period during which he sets the tone of most

of the rest of his life. And my first 20 years were spent in southwestern Wisconsin, which is a very picturesque community, if you've never seen it. I may be a little provincial, I don't know, but I think I write better when I write about ~~the~~ place that I know and love. And don't think I'm a regionalist. You can't dignify what I write as regionalism because regionalism should develop the character of the country or the community about which the writer is writing, and I simply don't do that.

B.B.: Isaac Asimov indicated in the book, BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE, that you were about the only writer that started out at the outset of science fiction to survive the coming of the Campbell era. Why was that?

C.S.: He's leaving out Jack Williamson and probably some others. I think perhaps the reason I survived -- and I'm not, by any means, trying to make survival a great virtue--was because I was a professional writer. Writing was my business and livelihood, and a number of the other people who were writing at that time and failed to survive were not writers, they were simply writing as they could. And there were probably many other things. They might have been army officers or chemists or God knows what. But I was a writer and I stuck in there and hung in there and tried to master all the new Ideas that were coming out, all the new techniques and the viewpoints. And I managed to do it.

B.B.: You mentioned that survival wasn't necessarily a virtue, adding that those that can, do survive. Is it important for the human race to survive? Is our own survival a virtue?

C.S.: I don't know. [Pause] If we were sure that there was other intelligent life in the universe, I would think that there would be no great virtue in the survival of the human race, if it was not doing a decent job. If we're one of the few intelligent species in the universe, I think it's vastly important that we survive. Because it seems to me -- and I've come more and more to talk about this as the years went past-- that the only two reasons for the universe are the development of life, and the development of intelligence. The universe may simply be a hotbed for the development of intelligence. I don't think the survival of the human race would be so important if we could be sure that something would come along to supercede us -- that might have some attributes and some survival characteristics which might be even more important than intelligence or which might have an even more significant intelligence than we have. The key to the whole thing is life, which eventually may become intelligent. Or something similar to intelligence or better than intelligence.

B.B.: From your point of view, how much has sf changed since you first started out? And where are we going?

C.S.: There's been a steady development in the field. That doesn't mean that back in the 1930's and '40's there weren't good stories written. But there are more good stories being written now. They're better written, they have a wider scope. They have more thinking behind them. And I think that we definitely have been on the move and I hope still are on the move. The New Wave came in. Suddenly here were the older writers at swordpoint with the newer writers who said that form is the thing and that these guys are writing pulp-paper fiction and we should pay attention to style and form. There was quite an uproar about it. Well, you don't hear about that anymore. What the New Wave did was to come in and call our attention to the fact that we very well better begin to think about doing a little bit better writing. And I think many of us did take this cue and say "Well, OK, maybe we should do better writing." --Unconsciously, not consciously saying perhaps we should do that. But it raised the issue and we asked ourselves the question and we got an answer and went ahead and did something about it.

B.B.: Do you think sf is in a ghetto?

C.S.: It might have been in the ghetto at one time, just as the western stories and the love stories and the Asiatic stories and the Oriental stories all were in the ghet-

to at the time of the pulp paper format. But no, we're not. If there's such a thing as a mainstream, we're out in the mainstream right now.

B.B.: Is that good?

C.S.: I don't think it really makes quite a deal of difference. I think that if the writers are intellectually honest, and are doing their level best, it doesn't make a great deal of difference whether they're writing spy novels or sf or almost any kind of work. I think its up to them to write the best they can and put the best of themselves into their works.

B.B.: You come from a journalism background. You graduated from the University of Wisconsin...

C.S.: Let me set you straight. I didn't graduate. I think I went a little better than a year and a half or so, I got strapped for money, took a job, said "Well, I'll come back some day and finish." I never did come back and finish. I just kept being a newspaperman. I had been at the Minneapolis Star and Tribune since 1939. Before that I worked in a number of midwestern newspapers--small papers. When I came here I was on the copy desk and within a few years I was editor at the Star. And then I shifted over from the Star to manage a science feature at the Tribune. I did that for about 15 years, and when that was terminated, they asked me what I wanted to do and I said that I hadn't been writing news for a long, long time, that I'd like to go back and spend my last years writing. That's where I am today.

B.B.: Because of your experience with these editing posts, have you ever had the urge to edit fiction on a regular basis?

C.S.: No, I don't think I ever did. I'm afraid that would be kind of a thankless job and it's not very damn creative. I suppose a man like a John Campbell or a Horace Gold could make it creative, but, no I don't think I would ever have desired to do that.

B.B.: Have you ever had trouble with an editor who perhaps didn't like your work or was overcritical or who you thought edited too much?

C.S.: There have been a lot of complaints about Horace Gold who was editor of GALAXY. Horace and I got along beautifully. I never had any trouble with an editor. It's silly to have trouble with an editor because what are you going to gain. That is, either you're going to write the way he wants you to or you're not going to write for him. There's been a couple instances where I've refused to write the kind of story an editor wanted but that was the end of it. He said "I want this," and I said "I won't write it for you," and that was the end of it.

B.B.: Have you ever mourned the passing of particular magazines or regretted that an editor has gone into retirement? I ask that question because I felt that the If under Ejler Jakobsson was particularly suited to your fiction. And I, personally, was very sorry to see it go.

C.S.: My connections with the magazines had become somewhat nebulous for quite a few years because I devoted myself to novels. I try to write at least one novel a year. I think I maintain that average pretty well. If I can, I write a short story, but there's more money in writing novels, there's more satisfaction in writing novels and I've found that perhaps I can write a novel more easily than I could write a short story. Writing a good short story is one of the toughest jobs in the world. So that the few sales I made to magazines did not amount to much. Some of them were made on commission. For that reason I don't think I mourn them too much. If I had been selling as much material to GALAXY as I did at one time, and Jakobsson had left, I think probably I'd have felt rather badly about it, yes.

B.B.: How does being a journalist affect your writing of fiction?

C.S.: There's two facets to that. I suppose that there's something to be said for the facet that if you write every day, or are working with writing every day, that it may

become a little closer to you. But all my life I've attempted very hard to keep my writing for the newspaper and my writing of sf separate. If you didn't do this, it might be a disadvantage to be a newspaperman because your style is considerably restricted. The way you write is dictated by the media itself so that the trouble might be that you'd find yourself writing fiction like a newspaperman. I don't think that would work.

B.B.: Do you find yourself using some journalistic techniques, maybe even mechanical techniques -- for example, do you sit down at a typewriter and pound out the story there?

C.S.: No, I write everything in longhand. Every writer has their own way of writing. The reason that I write in longhand is that my fingers on the typewriter will type faster than my brain can work. And writing in longhand, my brain can keep up with my hand.

B.B.: So that they are synchronized.

C.S.: Yes. You sit at the typewriter and you write out a thought, and then you sit for a minute and think, "Well, what am I going to say next?" With a pen, the words simply flow out; you don't have to sit and wait for that transition. I think it's a psychological thing as well.

B.B.: How many drafts does a normal short story go through?

C.S.: Not only short stories, but novels; it works the same way. I make the first draft in longhand, I run through a typewriter to make it ready for my typist, and that is it. That is, I do all my revision, all my changing, in the typewriter version. I think that that probably is sufficient because if you worked it much more than that you'd probably beat it to death.

B.B.: Do you subscribe to the Robert Heinlein theory that you can't rewrite, that if you feel you've done a poor job you should move on to the next project?

C.S.: I think Robert Heinlein is overstating that a little bit although I think even he probably rewrites. If he's written a bad page he probably throws it out of the typewriter and starts over again. Or if he's written a bad chapter he probably re-writes it. I think what he meant is that you're defeating your own purpose if you polish and polish and polish away at the story, because after a time it becomes not Bob Heinlein or Cliff Simak or Roger Zelazny or anybody else, it's somebody trying to write a perfect story.

B.B.: How much contact do you have with the rest of the sf community?

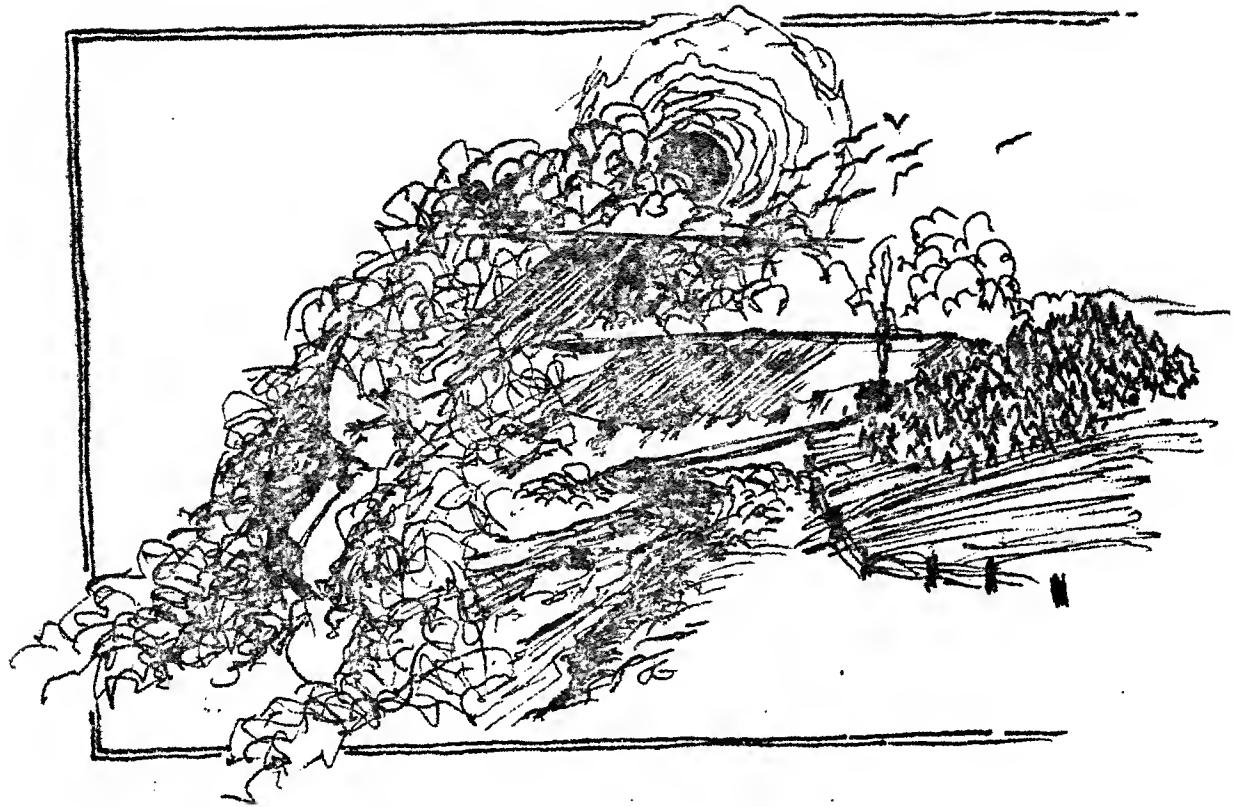
C.S.: I know most of the older writers personally. I haven't got as much contact with the younger writers because they do come up fast and I don't go to as many conventions as I used to. I have a very satisfactory contact with it. I feel very comfortable in the community and I guess that's the important thing.

B.B.: Ever sit around and shoot around ideas, or are ideas personal things?

C.S.: When we get together -- and we don't get together too often -- a few of us may sit down and talk about things in general. But you don't trade ideas. You don't say "Well, I'm writing a story about that, what should I do about that?" Those are sort of personal things. You don't chew on another man's ideas nor do you offer your ideas for his consideration. Those are trade ethics.

B.B.: What then do you think of the Clarion writer's workshop?

C.S.: I've never been to the Clarion writer's workshop. I've never been to any workshop. I suppose those are teaching exercises, and they bring up their ideas and bat them back and forth and the people who are there help new writers or stumbling writers or established writers to develop their ideas or criticize them or make suggestions. I see nothing wrong with that because it clearly is a workshop. But I don't think that 3 or 4 writers sitting down to have a pleasant evening should talk about their writing problems.



An article that eventually gets around
to a discussion of Evelyn Reed's book,
WOMAN'S EVOLUTION

Jeanne Gomoll

Sam Lundwell includes a really excellent chapter that deals with the treatment of women in sf, in his book, SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT (1971). He points out that,

the sex roles [in sf] are as unyielding as the metal in the space ship's hull; emancipation is an unknown word. In a world where women at last are beginning to be recognized as human beings, science fiction still clings to the view of the last century... SF writers of today...still hold to the old mother-children-and-kitchen image as far as women are concerned. They may be bright and look like PLAYBOY bunnies, but don't let that fool you. What they really want is home and husband and kids, and their bodies and occasional brains are nothing but the bait to lure the man into the trap.¹

Lundwell points out two perfect examples of this sad and unfortunately common presentation of female characters. The first quote comes from Edmond Hamilton's space opera, THE COMET KINGS (1942).

"Why Joan, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing -- I'm just foolish," she muttered. "But I can't help feeling a little sorry to leave the comet."

¹ Sam J. Lundwell, SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT (Ace Books, New York, 1971), p. 145.

He did not understand. Joan looked up at him with deep emotion in her fine eyes.

"Out there, Curt, you belong to the whole System. I know you love me, but duty ~~comes~~ first -- your obligation to use your scientific powers to help the System peoples.

"But if we'd been forced to remain on the comet world, cut off forever from the outside, nothing else would have come between us. It could have been a paradise for us. But it's lost now."

Curt Newton bent and kissed her.

"Joan, don't feel like that. Someday when our work is done, we'll find our own paradise. I know a little asteroid that's waiting for us. It's just like a garden. Someday."²

The other example comes a little more painfully from a much more recent date and from the typewriter of a woman, Anne McCaffrey (*A WOMANLY TALENT*, *ANALOG*, 1969). The character, Ruth, is gazing at the gorgeous body of the hero with passionate longing and analyzing those feelings as deriving from a wish to procreate with him.

This hunger for his child was so primal, it paralyzed the sophistication overlaid by education and social reflexes. Nowadays a woman was expected to assume more than the ancient duties required of her. Nowadays, and Ruth smiled to herself, the sophists called these talents Maintenance, Repair and Replacement, instead of housekeeping/cooking, nursing and having babies, but the titles didn't alter the duties nor curb the resurgent desires. And when you got down to it, men still explored new ground, even if it were alien ground and defended their homes and families.³

Men are men and women are women. That's just human nature.

Certainly there are many, many radical variations to this point of view nowadays. But as Joanna Russ (the author of some of the most heartening variations) has noted, "the conventional idea that women are second-class people is a hard idea to shake [in sf written by women as well as by men]; and while it is easy enough to show women doing men's work, or active in society, it is in the family scenes and the love scenes that one must look for the author's real freedom from our most destructive prejudices."⁴

The point of all this perhaps too-familiar exasperation is not to pile example upon horrible example and end with a grieving sigh, or to shift attention to some authors who have demonstrated a heightened consciousness. Rather, it is to examine the basis of the problem. (Well, not to be grandiose, one of them at least.)

Writers who are classified or who classify themselves as sf writers tend to be more aware of the flexibility -- of the capacity for change -- of society than do most writers (supposedly); but still, the societies created by we people who pride ourselves on being aware of change, are mostly reflections of the way society is now or reflections of our perceptions of how societies were in the past.

In general, the authors who write reasonably sophisticated and literate science fiction (Clarke, Asimov, for choice) see the relations between the sexes as those of present-day, white, middle-class suburbia. Mummy and Daddy may live inside a huge amoeba and Daddy's job may be to test psychedelic drugs or cultivate yeast vats, but the world inside their heads is the world of Westport and Rahway and that world is never questioned. [Author's emphasis]⁵

Worlds of machinery and psychic innovations (telepathy and instantaneous travel), a myriad of gadgetry-discoveries, ever-expanding physical horizons, possibilities unlimited--. With all these vistas, why (when we consider human emotions, human behavior and interaction), why must we cop out and say that human nature is static. "People" never change inside, really... It's human nature.

²I.BID., p. 144.

³I.BID., p. 144.

⁴Joanna Russ, "The Image of Women in Science Fiction," in *IMAGES OF WOMEN IN FICTION*, Susan Kappelman Comillon, ed. (Bowling Green University Press, 1972), p. 89.

⁵I.BID., p. 87.

The assumption that we will always be the same feeds upon the one which squeezes its eyelids tightly closed and says we've always been this way, there never was a basically different kind of human being. (The caveman in violence survives. The prehistoric male subjugates the weaker female. And the modern man must arm his nations many times its capacity in order to survive. The modern man understandably feels the urge to rape women. It's human nature.) Arthur Clarke's view that we have changed and will change only in quantum leaps, becoming "not-human" before we are qualitatively any different from our prehistoric ancestors; or SOLARIS' (the film) view that human beings are really incapable of encompassing any basically different concept -- are both respectable examples of this point of view in an area not directly connected to sexist assumptions. But when the It's-Human-Nature syndrome is applied to the construction of future sexual roles, or to the reconstruction of past sexual roles, it seems to me especially distorting.

She is still called all these things [a whore and at the same time an angel, etc., etc.], because these images have never been attacked at their roots, although the logical and practical consequences of some of them may have been vaguely questioned, insofar as they no longer suit men's needs or purposes.⁶

The ideal that human behavior and interaction are learned behavior (and therefore, unlearnable!) is not paid too much attention.

The most important feminist scholarship being done today, in my opinion, is not that which deals with the rediscovery of the extraordinary-but-unrecorded-women-in-history. The most basic criticism is that which deals with discovering how the biases based upon sexual role misconceptions have distorted and connect with the different fields of knowledge and inquiry. In such an unlikely field as neuro-physiology, for example, research is being done at the UW-Madison which seems to indicate that many assumptions concerning stereotypical "male" and "female behavior" has led to grossly inaccurate conclusions about the real function of male/female hormones, attributing effects to them that are purely learned (not chemically produced) behavior.

There is similar feminist research going on in all scientific fields today. It has long been the clichéd (and justified) attitude that those who write speculative fiction should be well grounded in the science that is used in their stories. Therefore, it might be very useful to speculative writers to be aware of the changes in some of the fields (especially those which deal with human behavior and interaction, such as psychiatry, sociology, history and cultural anthropology). One truly extraordinary work done in the area of cultural anthropology is Evelyn Reed's WOMEN'S EVOLUTION: FROM MATRIARCHAL CLAN TO PATRIARCHAL FAMILY, (Pathfinder Press, Inc., New York, 1975).

WOMEN'S EVOLUTION spins a captivating story of an extraordinary world in which things are quite different from the way we usually assume them to be. The author of this mind-challenging book builds her narrative upon a history that is well-known, earnestly taught in universities, and artfully hidden among the tangled superstitions of everyday life. She takes a wide-awake, critical look at this history and especially at the tangled assumptions underlying those "truths" and uncovers gross biases and many possible errors that contributed to the construction of our history. With a clearer vision (or at least, a DIFFERENT vision), she proceeds to draw some disconcerting conclusions and to describe a world joltingly unfamiliar but strangely reasonable from our point of view.

In spirit, WOMEN'S EVOLUTION certainly corresponds to the philosophy behind the conception of many sf works. But the reason I chose this book in particular is not because I think that other people might consider it to be sf. Actually it is an excellent anthropological (re)survey. However, considering the reaction Reed has been receiving from her reviewers, any work attempting to deal with the area Reed deals with in her book, may as well be writing science fiction (said, of course, with a slow, ironic glance up at the ceiling, and the mandatory, derogatory sneer). We simply do

⁶Barreno, Maria Isabel, M. T. Horta, M. V. Da Costa, THE THREE MARIAS: NEW PORTUGUESE LETTERS, trans. by Helen R. Lane (Bantam, New York, 1974), p. 87.

not have enough data to draw any generalizations about the social structures or patterns among pre-historic humankind, they say. (In fact, the entire school of evolutionary anthropology is generally looked down upon for this reason, i.e., not enough data to prove anything -- which makes the field by definition a speculative one. This is precisely the field Reed works within.) All conclusions based on such flimsy evidence as is available, are sheerest speculation, subject to automatic skepticism with respect to the author's biases.

The strange thing about such criticism, however, is that it is flung with such scathing directness at Reed's theories in particular and not at other works treating the same areas and utilizing the same flimsy data. No matter that there is no longer a great deal of work done to discover the roots of human civilization, the field of anthropology is built upon certain assumptions concerning those roots, and the basic assumptions are STILL OPERATIVE in shaping the field, and therefore our perception of our past. Evelyn Reed does not pretend to draw from "new" anthropological field studies of groups untouched by civilization; that is no longer possible. Rather, she works with (and directs her criticism at) the original interpretations of field studies recorded by early exploratory anthropologists. --I.e., she relies on precisely the same data utilized by the theorists who have formulated the prehistoric data we now rely on to form our conceptions of our past, and upon which to extrapolate through our perceptions of present conditions to the possible future. We cannot adequately question and criticize behavior and custom in the present -- far less project our expectations and ideas about these things into a fictional future -- if we do not understand how our biases and now-experience influence our thinking and form assumptions with regard to past conditions. Reed attempts to do precisely this. She should not be criticized for trying to construct a history of a time that cannot be adequately documented. For good or for bad, this has already been done and the results are planted in our consciousnesses. What Reed attempts to do is to make us aware of how much of that picture is derived not from logical extrapolation of knowledge but from assumptions based on modern experience.

Reed tells of one instance where an anthropologist doing field work in the last century was reporting an important ceremony of a primitive tribe which he witnessed. His informants (several villagers) would come up to him during the ceremony and explain various parts to him. The scientist remarked with some irritation that 90% of the information he was given concerned the role of the women in the ceremony. He reported only those sections relevant to male participation (10%) and whatever was included in the 90% concerning the women's roles has been lost to us. The anthropologist was so blinded by his basic assumption that females could have no important role in a ceremony so obviously important to the society, that he disregarded overwhelming evidence to the contrary.

In a similar manner, Reed's book takes a new look at the evidence (or what there is of it), and asks questions about the assumptions that manipulated it into the current state of knowledge. The most basic bias that she attacks is that of the eternal family, ("family," in the traditional nuclear meaning, father, mother, child) by revealing the tremendous amount of evidence for a matriarchal/matrilineal society that lasted for perhaps several million years until the dawn of the concept of ownership. The idea of the known father, as a depended-upon husband, has produced some strange distortions in modern anthropology. .. Regardless of the fact that ancient peoples did not make the connection between sex and childbirth (much less the complicated connection between inbreeding and genetic aberrations), it has been almost universally taught that incest is the most basic and primitive human taboo. Reed's suggested explanation for the real definition and basis for this taboo is extraordinarily exciting. Instead of concentrating on the sexual aspects of the taboos which has been the major emphasis, she goes into the aspects relating to cannibalism. She shows that the eradication of cannibalism was the primary necessity in order to provide stable communities. The most primitive sexual taboos included the entire clans, not just the genetic family group, and obviously had nothing to do with the (much)later cognizance of genetic dan-

gers of in-breeding. Reed further suggests that women were the instigators of these first forms of social control (e.g., the taboos), and were the most powerful members of the early human groups. As birth-givers, the first farmers (not dependent upon man-the-hunter, contributing to the clans in the form of gathering and later, planting vegetable-food), and perhaps, as Reed convincingly argues, the inventors of fire, women were revered as magicians, and feared for their powers. Taboos against harming women in any way, but especially during childbirth/care periods, rites which made boys human (not "men") that did not have to be performed for women because they were always considered human (and thus taboo to cannibalism), all point to a time when these social controls were painfully, slowly evolved to protect women before men were allowed to fully participate in a community with them.

Reed's explanation for the shift from this matriarchal society to a patriarchal one is a fascinating one also (based upon a Marxist interpretation, it makes up a major portion of her thesis which I have only barely suggested here). There is much in her book that has potential with regard to new visions of future extrapolation.

This book does not suggest any return to a "lost paradise" of the matriarchy. The infancy of humanity with all its grandeur and limitations is behind us. All the same, the fundamental chapter of human evolution must be restored and take an honored place in our history. A correct understanding of the remote past can help us see ahead and move forward more surely.

This is especially true when we consider the outstanding role played by women in ancient times. The knowledge that female inferiority is not biologically determined, that it has not been a permanent fixture throughout history, and that our sex was once the organizers and leaders of social life, should heighten the self-confidence of women who are today aspiring for liberation.⁷

Evelyn Reed's book is one of many works that have been published recently that, regardless of the ultimate provability of their speculations, or viability of their altered viewpoints, can be tremendously helpful for any individual struggling to envision future societies or to design characters which break with the assumption that our prejudices are part of "human nature", unchangeable, immutable. To know that we have changed is to be confident that we will change if we desire to do so.

⁷ Evelyn Reed, WOMAN'S EVOLUTION: FROM MATRIARCHAL CLAN TO PARTIARCHAL FAMILY, (Pathfinder Press, New York, 1975), p. xvii.

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the Venus Fly-Trap: or, an Ellisonian Definition of Love

Karen Peterson

sociations that will prevail for the remainder of the action. As characters and their relationships are developed, they fit into a framework provided by this setting. In "Maggie," Kostner is established from the first as the loser. He has two choices: to leave ("bum his way into Los Angeles and try to find...a new life") or to stay ("he could blow his brains out through the back of his head"). But it is that faint hope of winning that keeps him in deadly Las Vegas. The Chief bears the same relationship to Kostner as the quarter slot machine to the women in lavender capris -- "the jackpot lure, the sparkling, bobbling many-colored wiggler in a sea of poor fish." The gambling milieu foreshadows Kostner and Maggie's relationship; that is, she holds out a false hope to entice and eventually destroy him. Interesting that the woman/machine has the highest stakes of all -- no nickel-and-dime operation, but a dollar a throw. After Kostner wins, he is again confronted with a choice -- to take the money and run, or to keep gambling. Naturally he picks the latter, being "a congenital sucker." The only winners here are those called by the man at the Wheel of Fortune, and they are entirely imaginary. Gambling on a machine and gambling on love -- they are the same game, with the same result.

In "Dull Knife," Eddie Burma is not a "loser" in the same sense as Kostner, but he has suffered a grievous wound and it is debatable whether he will continue to survive. There is the same sense of an evil force threatening to conquer the man. In "Maggie," it is "what is wrong and immoral and deadly about Vegas, about setting the traps all baited and open..." In "Dull Knife", "somewhere back out there, in the night, they were moving toward him, coming for him...only now...did Eddie Burma finally know... what had been done to him...what was being done to him...what they would certainly do to him." The first section of "Boy and Dog" tells us that the holocaust has come, and Vic and his companion are fighting for survival. Furthermore, the women that are left are as hostile as the radiation pits -- "just as likely to cut off your meat with a razor blade once they let you get in." The ambience of danger is overwhelming: our

Some say that love is a many-splendored thing -- but in much of Ellison's work it has a single connotation. A structural analysis of three of his most renowned short stories, "Pretty Maggie Moneyeeyes (1968), "Try a Dull Knife" (1968), and "A Boy and His Dog" (1959), reveals that love is equated with pain, destruction, even death, on many levels. The settings, sequence of events, and imagery all make the same connection. Love and pain are inseparable. "Boy & Dog" and probably "Maggie" as well, have been attacked as misogynist, but that interpretation misses the point. It is love, not woman, that is a rigged gamble ("Maggie"), a conscious trick ("Boy & Dog"), and the act of a vampire ("Dull Knife"). These stories are shrieks from a tortured soul whose faith in humanity was profoundly shaken. I quote "Dull Knife" in my diary at all the worst times of the past five years.

The initial section of each story sets up oppositions and as-

heros must trust nothing and no one if they are to stay alive.

The moment of falling in love is described in a similar, and curious, fashion in each story. It is instantaneous, mystical, and more importantly, involves a loss of control.

Somewhere, a connection was made, and electricity, a billion volts of electricity, shot through Kostner. His hair stood on end, his fingertipps bled raw, his eyes turned to jelly...Somewhere, out there, in a place that was not this place, Kostner had been inextricably bound to -- to someone. Blue eyes? ["Maggie"]

I couldn't move. I suddenly realized I couldn't move. She was nice, really nice...It was really weird, the kick I was getting out of standing and just staring at a chick do that. ["Boy & Dog"]

Faces and voices and smells of people I've known have passed away, but still my hands carry the memories on them. Layer after layer of the laying-on of hands...They had come to his party, all of the ones he knew...who were using him as their guru, as their wizard, as their psychiatrist, their wailing wall, their father confessor...There were too many of them at the party. More than he could handle... ["Dull Knife"]

The threat so powerfully defined in the initial passages makes the reader feel how carefully the protagonists must guard themselves. Next we see them losing control, forgetting the danger. It seems inevitable that Kostner and Eddie and Vic will be destroyed. Kostner loves Maggie in his sleep, when a man is most terribly vulnerable. Vic left his last lay tied up so she couldn't kill him, but Quilla June has him immobilized. Eddie Burma had a premonition of his death, but did not connect it with the social cases at his party (who "sucked at each word and every expression like hungry things pulling at the marrow in beef bones...") until it was too late.

As the relationships deepen, the link between love and pain is strengthened. Maggie is a peculiar combination of woman and machine. She is nothing but the sum of her parts: "Long legs, trim and coltish; hips a trifle large...belly flat...a waist that works in any style..." Ultimately, she is "an operable woman, a working mechanism, a rigged and sudden machinery...A presentation, not an object of flesh and hair. A chromium instrument..." And this is before she literally becomes a machine, her soul trapped in the cartwheel Chief. Kostner first encounters her through his pulling the lever. It becomes increasingly clear that love and gambling are very much alike. Maggie wavers before him, as impossible to hold as those feelings of "luck" and "ahead of the game" --

The wind curled around them both, or was it only around him? She was exquisite, and he saw her clearly, or was it through a mist? Her voice was deep and resonant, or was it light and warm as night-blooming jasmine?

Love is exalted, mystical, blurred around the edges. It is literally a dream for Kostner -- and quick to turn into a nightmare. The "machine" imagery of their first encounter is reproduced with devastating effect when he pulls the lever the last time.

The reels spun with a ferocity Kostner had not heard before and suddenly everything went whipping slantwise as he felt wrenching of pure flame in his stomach, as his head was snapped on his spindly neck, as the lining behind his eyes was burned out. There was a terrible shriek, of tortured metal, of an express train ripping the air with his passage, of a hundred small animals being gutted and torn to shreds... ["Maggie"]

In "Dull Knife," an even greater mysticism dissolves into equal ferocity. Eddie Burma as evangelist speaks like God, the greatest giver of love.

"Evil and good and worry and sorrow, all of it is mine. I can carry it, I can handle it...let me hear all of it, let me into your mind and let me take your burdens! I'm the strength, I'm the watering place...Come drink from my strength!"

And the people had rushed to him. All over him, like ants feeding on a dead beast. And then...the image of the tent revival meeting dissolved into images of wild animals tearing at meat, of hordes of carrion birds descending on fallen meat, of small fish leaping with sharp teeth at helpless meat... ["Dull Knife"]

In "Boy & Dog," a short conversation between Vic and Quilla June contains the whole message (it's exclusion from the film version was a major disappointment to me):

"Have you ever been in love with a girl?" (QJ)
"Well, I damn well guess I haven't!" (V)
"Do you know what love is?"
"Sure. I guess I do."
"But if you've never been in love...?"
"Don't be dumb. I mean, I've never had a bullet in the head, and I know I wouldn't like it."

Shortly afterward, Quilla June hits Vic over the right eye with a pistol (rather similar to getting a bullet in the head) and disappears. He follows her to the down-under where he is immobilized again, only this time by a sinister machine. He has been neatly trapped by his supposed lover.

The conclusions of these stories are magnificent. They are like a hockey puck in the teeth. In a seminar on sf and American culture, one student commented that the last sentence of "Maggie" made the whole story worthwhile. These parting words state directly what has been implicit in the body of each work. At the end of "Maggie," Kostner's soul is trapped in the machine. His eyes replace Maggie's on the false-hope jackpot bars. One worker comments that he's never seen a machine with bars like that, and the other replies, "Some of these games go way back."

Three brown eyes.

Three brown eyes that looked very very weary. That looked very trapped. That looked very very betrayed.

Some of these old games go way back. ["Maggie"]

In "Dull Knife," Eddie has succumbed to some strange masochistic force, "some sick need that gave them entrance to his soul." He wanted to love the whole world, to take everyone's problems onto himself. Call him a Christ-figure if you like. It is necessary for him to be martyred, because they could never return his love.

Burt the box-boy. Nancy and Alice and Linda. Sid the failure
...all of them. They came for him.

And for the first time he noticed their teeth...

With the vessel drained, the vampires moved to other pulsing arteries.
["Dull Knife"]

The film of "Boy & Dog" is billed as "a cautionary tale." Vic is the only hero of the three who survives, escaping the trap the others fell into by choosing Blood over Quilla June. The message is that Love leads to betrayal. To stay alive one has to transcend it.

...it took a long time before I stopped hearing her calling in my head. Asking me: do you know what love is?

Sure I know.

A boy loves his dog.

[ARTICLE COPYRIGHT BY KAREN PETERSON, 1976]

Sweet Jane meets the BEMs

PART ONE ...The Blue Oyster Cult

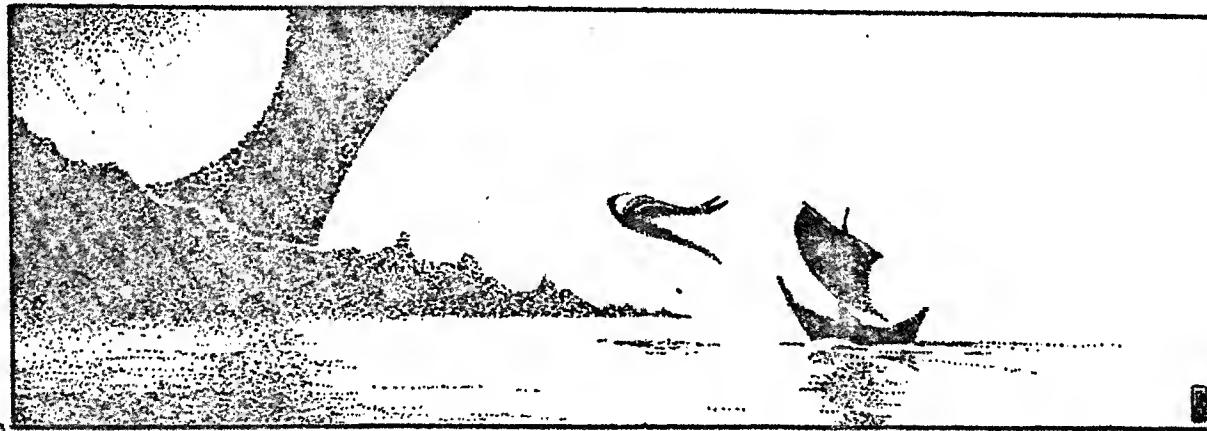
Thomas J. Murn

[This is the first in a series of explorations of the presence of SF in contemporary music. In later issues I'll expound on the relevance of some SF-rock pioneers, like Paul Kantner and the Jefferson Starship, Pink Floyd, and Hawkwind.]

BOC out of your speakers, know somethings out & up in the sonic display, monumental precision backbeat, synthdrone and lyrics such as "experiments that failed too many times and transformations that were too hard to find yes I know the secrets of the iron and mind, they're trinity acts a mental fire yes I know the secrets of the circuitry mind its a flaming wonder telepath"*

Nothing could give you as much of a clue to the true nature of the BOC as their album covers. The first and second LPs are enclosed by magnificent geometrical perspectives of places not within a million miles of the nearest Pepsi-Cola sign. The third LP is a lovely sketch of the boys in the band standing next to an ME-262, BOC insignia replacing swasticas, not at a German aerodrome but... somewhere else...

Sure, a lot of this pretension wuz dug up by the business boys in the back room of Columbia Records, Murray Krugman their producer had a lot to do with it. --BUT beyond all references to silverfish imperatrix and emerald horney toads, the Blue Oyster Cult knows how to make music, they definitively know how to rock. This is a



band that came up through the ranks of beery, bleary boogie bars, where the average band has to do more than scream, strip and play three chords to be noticed. I saw the BOC in Milwaukee in 1973, starting the show for Mott the Hoople, and they couldn't help but run away with the show when they started their set with the WHOLE FIRST SIDE of their latest album, played through without a stop thirty minutes of the fastest, toughest and most astronomically-oriented rock ever to be spawned. No tricksy light show gimmickry, no six-inch stack heels (although Eric Bloom, the synthesizer-person, was wearing a black cape)...

Here in BOC we have a curious social interface: the ticktacktock trendworld of modern rocknroll, and the spaceships-are-spacey popular image of (attraction to) science fiction. Itsa natural, this blending of technosound with Cosmic conspiracy babblings. The production techniques of the 1930s, 40s and 50s suited pre-Muzak

warblers like Frank Sinatra just fine. Ballads of jelly-soft love went with eeka-eeka string sections and distant-sounding rythym sections like TV took to K-Tel ads.

BUT with the advent of the electric guitar came not only musical horizon-springing but more general implications for society; new sounds meaning new styles, punks playing E-flat through astoundingly powerful speakers being different than little old men in tuxedoes playing E-flat through trumpets and violins.

Ard the newer sounds are changing again: whimpering of synthesized rock or synthesized Muzak or synthesized game-show music, concert halls' reek of closetogether bodies, always younger and always mind-numbed, drugged in whichever way out beyond capitalist-conspiracy reality.

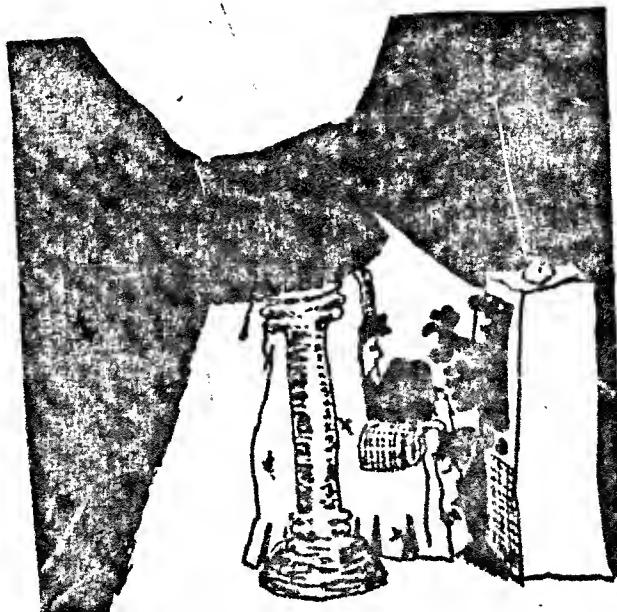
No science fiction writer of the 1930s would have written any such future-forecast (even though the electric guitar was by that time already in use). And here we are on the plastic WELCOME mat of the nineteen-eighties, and science fiction in its traditional written form is still caught in the same old spaceship jerkoff.

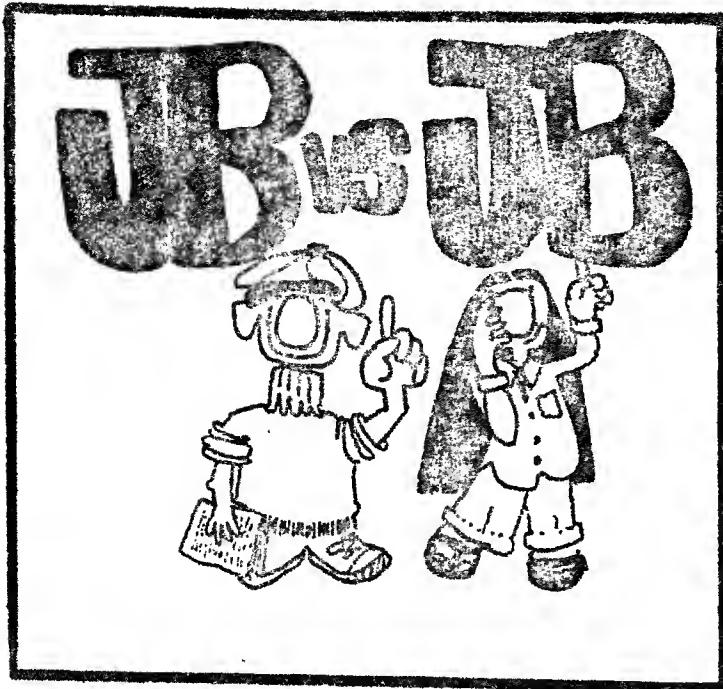
The kids already know about the Bomb, and Beyond. Theyre much more likely to have listened to the Blue Oyster Cult or Pink Floyd than to have read Larry Niven or cute Kurt. While some people will always conceive of science fiction as a sump of worldcons, FOUNDATION-series type vaccuum, and Analog magazine -- for quite a few of the precious new children of life in America 'science fiction' plays a premiere role, as imminent as radiation poisoning, and as relevant as rocknroll mystics laying down quite some riffs while you sing along, to a ballad called "Astronomy:"

4 winds at the 4 winds bar 2 doors locked and windows barred one door let to take you in. The other one just mirrors it. In hellish glare and inference the other one mirrors it. The queenly flux, eternal light or the light that never warms...Astronomy
...the stars*

(*lyrics copyright by B. O'Cult Songs, ASCAP)

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FOR MOAN MEDIA]





an exchange: John Bartelt Janice Bogstad

from "escapist" literature, is to define and portray that elusive quality known as the "Human Condition." [Goldin]

[I ALWAYS FIND IT IRRITATING WHEN PEOPLE ASSUME THAT LITERATURE CAN BE ENTERTAINING AND HAVE NO OTHER VALUE. ONE DANGER OF MR. GOLDIN'S LINEAR FORMULATION OF THE PURPOSES FICTION SERVES IS THAT THIS MAKES IT SEEM LIKE FICTION COULD SERVE ONE PURPOSE AND NOT THE OTHERS.

ANOTHER TERM WHICH MAKES ME HOT UNDER THE COLLAR IS "ESCAPIST." WHAT IS ESCAPIST LITERATURE? IT IS CERTAINLY NOT ALL SCIENCE FICTION OR EVEN JUST SF AND FANTASY. WHAT COULD BE MORE ESCAPIST (THAT IS "UNREALISTIC") THAN YOUR AVERAGE GOTHIC? WHAT COULD BE LESS ESCAPIST (I.E., REALISTIC AND VALUEABLE IN ITS FORMULATIONS OF THE EFFECTS OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY ON THE INDIVIDUAL THAN URSULA LE GUINN'S THE DISPOSSESSED?

IT IS AS RIDICULOUS TO DECIDE WHETHER LITERATURE IS SERIOUS OR ESCAPIST, AND BASE A VALUE JUDGEMENT ON THESE TERMS AS TO SAY IT'S COMMUNIST OR CAPITALIST AND BASE VALUE JUDGEMENTS ON THIS. --JAN]

OK; I'm not sure whether that is the main criterion for deciding if a work is "serious" or "escapist," but that's not important for this discussion. And I'm sure some people can state other purposes (right, Jan?).

"What is the Human Condition? No one is quite sure, which is why literature still exists. At the gut level, it can be expressed in generalizations: people are cruel (or people are kind)... [Goldin]

[IN GOOD LITERATURE, THE HUMAN CONDITION IS MERELY THE BASIS IN COMMON HUMAN EXPERIENCE FROM WHICH AN AUTHOR STARTS TO CONVEY HIS OWN

A couple of weeks ago, a book caught my eye -- THE ALIEN CONDITION edited by Stephen Goldin. The concept interested me; it contains a dozen new stories about what are supposed to be very unusual aliens -- an area of speculation that I've been giving a lot of thought to. But what interests me here is the introduction to the book, where Goldin sort of verbalized some of the things I've felt about SF. So I'll quote from it, but the interpretations will be my own.

"Since the first story was told around some Neolithic campfire, fiction has existed to serve three purposes. The first is to entertain, to involve the audience in vicarious dilemmas so that they can give vent to emotions they might otherwise not express, safe in the knowledge that the story is not real and therefore these emotions can not hurt them. The second is to educate and instruct, to reinforce the social framework around the audience and to illustrate moral points. And the third, which supposedly separates "serious" literature

INSIGHT TO HIS READERS. --JAN]

He lists some more generalizations. All right; so what is it that sets science fiction apart?

"But why is the Human Condition what it is? . . . Let us try, for a moment to develop an entirely new perspective. . . The Human Condition need not apply. Instead, we have the opportunity to explore the Alien Condition." [Goldin]

That is one of science fiction's fortés -- not just examining the "Alien Condition," (certainly not all SF stories deal with aliens), but taking a wider perspective on a problem or concept. And maybe that's the germ of that elusive quality "sense of wonder."

[OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THAT NO ONE CAN REALLY WRITE ABOUT THE 'ALIEN CONDITION.' WE'RE ALL HUMAN AFTER ALL. --JAN]

But back to the purposes of (science) fiction. You'll note that the first is to entertain. To me, that's as it should be -- the reader must derive enjoyment from the story, or the story is a failure. Saying something about human nature, or trying to put a message across is fine, but if the story isn't entertaining, too, no one is going to care what you say. Or pages of description can get terrifically boring unless they're done very well -- with incredible insight, perhaps. Of course, a story can be entertaining by being informative or by putting a message across -- by doing it in a clever manner, for instance. A good story will entertain; a really good (or great) story will do that while fulfilling some of those other purposes.

Oh, and those dozen stories? Well, I must confess I've only read the first nine. I must say I was rather unimpressed by them. And they're difficult to get into, certainly partially just due to trying to tell a story from an alien viewpoint, particularly in a short story. I sort of liked "Routine Patrol Activity," by Thomas Pickens.

[I SUSPECT THEY WERE MERELY BADLY WRITTEN. EVER TRY "THE BENTFIN BOOMER BOYS" OR "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE WAGE?" NOW THERE WERE A COUPLE OF WELL DONE ALIEN STORIES. --Jan]

Changing subjects only drastically, the topic of the "Dean Drive" has come up again by way of an article in the June issue of ANALOG (by G. Harry Stine). The Dean Drive is a device which purportedly produces a unidirectional force by converting angular momentum to linear momentum; in other words, it violates at least three of the fundamental laws of physics.

[I CAN'T HELP YOU WITH THIS STUFF FOLKS. --JAN]

I was quite skeptical when I first heard about this thing, but Stine's article is very persuasive, particularly when discussing "Davis Mechanics," a system of laws that modifies normal Newtonian or Einsteinian physics; it was developed by a physicist, William O. Davis and several associates. Its basic premise is that the energy of a system can not be changed instantaneously, a very reasonable-sounding assumption. The law of action-and-reaction (any action is accompanied by an equal and opposite reaction) is violated, but that may be just the same as saying that linear momentum is not conserved, as is usually assumed. Angular momentum would also be unconserved. Physicists are very fond of conservation laws, and with good right -- the evidence that linear momentum and angular momentum, not to mention energy, are conserved is staggering. But at one time parity was thought to be conserved, when physicists discovered an area where it isn't [weak nuclear interactions (see: THE LEFT HAND OF THE ELECTRON, Isaac Asimov)]. And energy isn't always conserved -- we just can't detect its creation or destruction (see last issue's column); and some serious theories have been proposed which included nonconservation of energy on a (theoretically) measurable basis (notably the now more-or-less discarded Steady-State or Continuous Creation theory of the universe; also, there has been speculation that the Gravitational Constant, G, is slowly decreasing, which, according to something I read once, would imply energy is not conserved). So, we can't be absolutely sure about conservation laws. I am still unconvinced, but I now believe that it is something to be looked into. And if there is something to it. . . a star drive may not be far away.

Just as an aside to Magnetic Monopole fans: it seems that that highly touted detection of a possible monopole was probably in error. And if you're really interested, the solar neutrino problem seems to have, at least partially, abated: they've started

detecting many more neutrinos than they had been and this is more in line with the predicted number.

I, along with a number of other Madison fans, spent Easter weekend in Minneapolis at my first con, Minicon II, A very enjoyable experience; I met a lot of famous people (including Joe Haldeman, whose FOREVER WAR I highly recommend, and Clifford Simak, Gordon Dickson, Ben Bova, Lester del Rey and many more)...

[SPEAKING OF LESTER DEL REY, I HAVE A FEW COMMENTS TO ADD TO A CONVERSATION I HAD WITH DEL REY. I WROTE HIM AN "OPEN LETTER" WHICH APPEARS BELOW, FOLLOWING THE BODY OF JOHN'S ARTICLE.]

and some big name fans, like our friend Mike Glicksohn. Also spent lots of dollars (for me, at least) on art. Also saw their production of the MIMEO MAN, which was quite well done.

Now, if we start talking about an SF convention in Madison for February, 1977, is anyone going to believe us? * * * *

DEAR MR. DEL REY, IN APRIL OF 1976, I SPOKE WITH YOU AT MINICON: OUR TOPIC WAS YOUR USE OF 'HE' TO DENOTE SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS AND CRITICS. I REMEMBERED THAT I WAS VAGUELY DISTURBED WITH YOUR, NEVERTHELESS VERY INTERESTING, CONTRIBUTION TO THE PANEL ON SF CRITICISM. NOW I REMEMBER WHAT DISTURBED ME MORE THAN YOUR USE OF THE HARDLY NON-INCLUSIVE PRONOUN.

AT ONE POINT IN YOUR COMMENTARY, YOU WERE SEARCHING FOR A LITERARY GENRE TO COMPARE WITH SCIENCE FICTION. THIS TERM WAS SUPPOSED TO DENOTE SOMETHING LESS WELL WRITTEN THAN MUCH OF SF. YOU SEIZED UPON "WOMEN'S LENDING LIBRARY BOOKS." I'M SURE ALL THE YOUNG MEN IN THE AUDIENCE THOUGHT THEY KNEW IMMEDIATELY WHAT YOU MEANT. YOU KNOW THOSE SLOPPY LOVE STORIES LIKE "KAREN'S MARRIAGE." YET IN MAKING SUCH A STATEMENT, ESPECIALLY TO PEOPLE UNINTERESTED IN, OR UNAWARE OF THE LARGE BODY OF EXCELLENT LITERATURE WRITTEN BY AND ABOUT WOMEN, YOU MAKE A DANGEROUS RELATIONSHIP. PERHAPS YOU DID NOT MEAN WORKS BY ELIZABETH SASHELL, ANAIS NINN, JEAN RHYS, DORIS LESSING, GERTRUDE STEIN, VIRGINIA WOOLF, CHRISTINA STEAD, CYNTHIA BUCHANAN, RITA MAE BROWN, JOYCE CAROL OATES, --. BUT PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER READ THESE AUTHOR'S WORKS DO NOT KNOW THAT. PERHAPS YOU MEANT GOTHICS, BUT I HAVE MALE FRIENDS WHO READ GOTHICS SO THEY ARE HARDLY WOMEN'S LENDING LIBRARY BOOKS; ALSO, I HAVE MANY MANY FEMALE FRIENDS WHO HAVE, DO AND ALWAYS WILL READ SCIENCE FICTION.

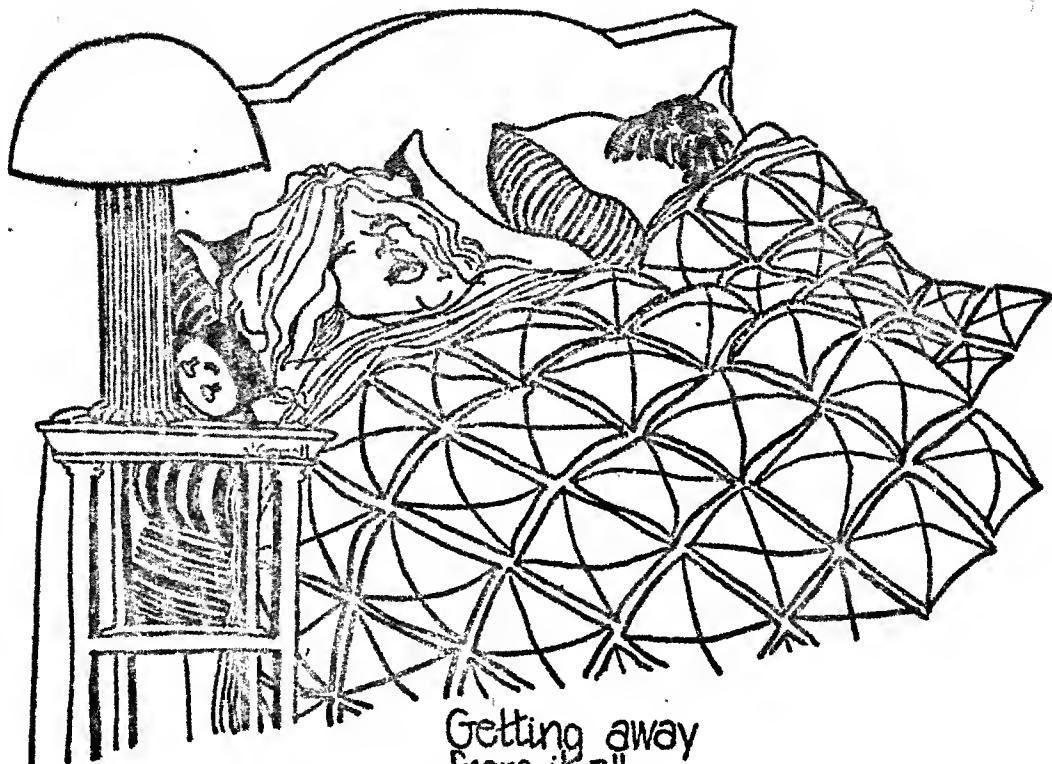
MY POINT? PICK OUT A MORE PRECISE TERM TO DENOTE "BAD FICTION;" THAT IS, FICTION WHICH DOES NOT CONVEY ANY SORT OF INSIGHT INTO THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE. THERE ARE OTHER TERMS LIKE, "ADVENTURE STORY," "SPACE OPERA," "GOTHICS," --[OH YES, THE NOVEL OF YOURS WHICH I READ AT THE AGE OF 12 OR SO WAS STAR SURGEON.] --SINCERELY, JANICE M. BOGSTAD

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----- LETTER FROM ALEXEE PANSHIN -----

Thank you for sending me JANUS. There were a number of things of interest in it for me. One was the reviews of Vonda McIntyre's novel -- I think Cory and I will be buying a copy now. Another was Thomas Murn's comments on Arthur C. Clarke. It might not be wrong to suggest that Clarke and others of his writing generation are out of touch with the needs of this new time we find ourselves in -- but it struck me as misplaced to use Clarke as a label to stick on a punching bag. If Murn is right, and he may well be, why doesn't he examine Clarke's work and demonstrate how it has gotten out of touch rather than merely asserting that it has. Finally, there is [Jeanne Gomoll's]... talk on Heinlein, which has some acute insights. I'm glad to see somebody else probing the meaning of his work. There is much more to be said than has been said by anyone up to now. Thank you again.

R.R. 2, Box 261
Perkasie, PA 18944



Getting away
from it all

Jeanne Gomoll

The alarm shatters the glass chimera of an early morning dream.

At first the buzz is only a noise, and S. huddles beneath the silky underside of the heavy bottom quilt as her mind spans quantum leaps of absurdity, attempting to link fleeting nightmarish explanations for the rude sound into some logicality. Her hand acts without connection to those feverish thoughts, stifling the clock's buzzer. The telephone is ringing. They are sawing down the branches crippled in last night's ice storm. There is an air raid. But no, it was the alarm.

I have to get up now. Richard has already left to prepare for class. The floor is cold on my feet and I dash into the bathroom where at least there is a rug to calm my shivers. Water splashed on my face, soap and toothpaste tastes replacing the cotton in my mouth with bitterness that cannot be spat out. It is Monday, the most depressing of days. I've wasted another weekend. How will I make it through another week? How many more weeks will there be?

Don't think about it.

But how will I stay sane?

Dreaming. Dreaming about how things could be instead, about the real work I will be doing someday. If I hadn't quit trying after the first rejections, if I hadn't moved in with Richard and given up, if... I'd still be writing. I'd be doing something worthwhile. I wouldn't be avoiding friends because I was ashamed of what I'd become.

I am talking with Ms. Joyce, an old professor. "We're going into a second printing next week. But what I really wanted to talk to you about was this—" I hand her the manuscript. "I've been working on an idea for an anthology linking the last story of

the other book with some others..."

S. curls her legs up closer to her belly, sinking happily into the fantasy, and pulls the quilts up over her ears. Suddenly she is aware of her body.

"Oh, no!" She jerks up with sudden fear and reaches over, pulling the alarm clock within an inch of her squinting eyes. "7:45—five minutes to get to the bus," she groans as she tugs her legs from between the blankets, the cold—again—enveloping her body, her right foot flinching from the icy hardwood floor.

"Damn it," and with a sudden jerk she pulls the other foot from the sheet it is, and remains, tangled within. She sprawls upon the floor and the clock she had been holding falls with a shattering sound, the clock face and some of the inner works slivering and scattering and rolling onto the floor about her feet and underneath the radiator.

A bandaged foot, a telephone call and a mad dash to the bus stop later, she is at work. They are angry that she is late, even though she called ahead. (She must deduct fifteen minutes from her North Woods vacation time.) They are angry because the Machine cannot operate efficiently without all of its parts, and she is an important—though not irreplaceable—part, they hasten to remind her. The Machine runs most efficiently (of course) when all of its parts do not behave as if they were human beings and botch their roles as mindlessly well-coordinated cogs... The Machine runs best when all its cogs think only of the work to be done and do it in the smoothest, fastest manner possible.

That the work is tedious, creates problems for Ruthe, the supervisor, whose position depends upon successfully training and monitoring the cogs so that they do not forget themselves and act like human beings. The supervisor must get used to being disliked by human beings who resent being treated like machine cogs. The supervisor must furthermore cultivate a sense of self-righteousness in the face of cogs who deliberately reduce efficiency with their non-machinelike conduct. As S. slides into her position beside the conveyer belt, the supervisor glares at her from across the room. S. quickly organizes her tools and scoops up the first letter from the conveyer belt, opens it and tosses it into the appropriate bin in front of her. Within five minutes, she has opened and sorted twenty forms and the supervisor shifts her vigilance to another section of the Machine. Within ten minutes, S.'s back begins to ache and the headache that will pound for the rest of the day has sent its first clutching tentacles through her temples. S. yawns and stretches out her arms as if she had already been attached to the Machine for hours. But then, feeling Ruthe's stare upon her, she suppresses the yawn and pulls her arms back from their momentary escape. A day passes.

The next morning, the clock that I borrowed from a neighbor woman wakes me. I have enough time for breakfast this morning and I pour some milk over the last of the granola. There is time for a leisurely walk to the bus stop, but as I stand on the street corner waiting for the ship to arrive, I grow worried because I still can't see the sail on the horizon. I will be late for work. Perhaps I will try to catch the giant monarch and ride upon its back over the mountain... Suddenly I feel confused. I know I must be dreaming, that I never got up from bed, but I try for a moment to remember, to connect. The belief that I still have time to catch the bus because the sail has not yet appeared on the horizon seems at first, still logical. But then I stop trying to connect the fragments of the dream that is melting rapidly now, and hurry to get my clothes on and leave the apartment.

In the rush, I forget to buy a newspaper to read on the bus and I half drowse on the ride to the office. I fantasize angrily about Ruthe who has accused me several times of not being interested enough in my job. I construct contemptuous replies and throw insult after insult at her shocked and uncomprehending stare. I laugh when she is unable to answer beyond bitter sputters of indignation and nasal hissing sounds which increase as some of her circuits overload and begin to spark and smoke. I am Dorothy, about to kill the Wicked Witch of the West, confident that the group of fellow-cogs around us will support me after it is all over: I pull Ruthe's plug.

...And the lamp beside S.'s bed teeters and falls from the bedside table. She sits up with a jerk and a gasp. I've missed my stop. I fell asleep on the bus.

With one hand still clutching the lamp cord and plug and the other grasping two layers of quilts, she shakes her lowered head, shivering slightly. "OhnoOhnoOhno..."

How many times do I have to wake up? How many layers are there?"

The alarm had never rung. There was no clock; she had forgotten to borrow one.

Richard, woken by the sound of the falling lamp, asks why she is still home.

"Are you taking the day off?"

"No... no... What time is it?" she asks.

Squinting at his watch he says, "7:35," and rolls over. "I don't have a class till eleven today. Goodnight."

There is still time to catch the bus, though she'd have to skip breakfast.

At work that day, her mind replays over and over again an argument that she and Richard had had the day before. As one would hum an obnoxious tune and unsuccessfully try to replace it with another, S. fights against the mutating versions of the scene but cannot change the subject of her daydream. She has to think about something as her hands and eyes pulse and tear and sort in mechanical harmony with the Machine.

"---No not really. I don't want to hear about another one of your dreams," he had said. Of course he was tired, but why can't he see that I am too. I'm tired of having nothing to say to you. Tired of being squashed so casually. Being in school still, doesn't make you all that much more perceptive and interesting Rick---excuse me, Richard. What would you do if you didn't have somebody around all the time to put down? You wouldn't feel so superior, would you? At the beginning, we used to both boost one another's egos. Now, it's me that sits there with that inane approving mother-smile on my face while you examine each word, every smile that you coax (imagine?) from your friends and colleagues and professors. I spend hours sitting there saying "How neat!" or, "Yes, I'm sure that he respects your work..." Afterwards you infer that I was wasting your time. And then you ask me what you should wear for your interview today. You don't really ask because you already have the answer, the green fisherman weave sweater, and I say don't you think for the occasion you should dress a bit more formally, the jacket maybe. And as if you were just waiting for any excuse to break off the conversation so you won't have to hear about my day (or heaven forbid, my dreams), you become hysterical and scream, "I'm always wrong with you, aren't I? You've always got a better idea." And you stalk off going out (to a bar? I don't care), slamming the door, leaving the dirty dishes and me in the kitchen.

That night after work, the anger drained out of her, she finds Richard reading in the living room and asks how the interview went. Getting no response, she asks if he'd like to go out for a sandwich.

"---my treat," she laughs.

He is still silent, his eyes never moving from the pages of the book, and she backs out of the room, her body stiffening from the rebuke. She goes to the bedroom, picking up the NEWSWEEK from the mail stacked next to the phone and lies down on the bed to read it, but soon falls asleep looking at the Marlboro Man.

I am lying nude upon a bed illuminated by sunlight. His fingers are tracing the delicate patterns of sunlight and shadow cast upon my arms and breasts by the bough of the apple tree just outside the window. His lips following, gently circling and kissing my neck, my shoulders. His hands now brushing my thighs, circling towards my vulva. Then I feel him entering me, my back arching and I am astride his body, brown and lean beneath me, pulling him further inside me in quick, sharp tugs, my spine arching backwards, my neck parallel to his body, my hands clutching his knees behind me. I am gasping with pleasure as he touches my center. And then it is my own fingers rolling my clitoris between them, my center spreading warmth in waves of slow fire, my heels thrust into the mattress and suddenly a sharp spasm and the slow flood of coming, the tension draining from my body, my limbs flowing, and the memory drowning, fading as I rock alone upon the bed, my hand caressing my still-swollen vulva.

Richard pushes the door open and hesitates, forgetting to reach for the stack of papers from the desk and putting his book down instead, he comes toward her. His hand cupping her hand, his lips upon her neck, she wakes and pushes his hands away, turning away from him onto her side and pulls her legs up towards herself.

"No," she says. "I want to sleep."

I dream of deep mattresses, of heavy quilts and furry blankets, of crisp just-washed sheets, and mounds of feather pillows. The window is open above me, blowing cold gusts

around outside my cocoon of warmth. It seems impossible to ever become fatigued by too much sleep; I can prolong the same ecstasy that comes during the last hour of sleep before having to get up—that last, long, luscious escape... I slide beneath the sheets, the layers of quilt and afghan and two woolen blankets and heavy bed spread that presses me into the embrace of the mattress. And I fall asleep, the clamp loosening its death-grip on my head, my body becoming fluid, swimming, flying, free.

I dream of a dark figure as tall as the ceiling dressed in a dark, flowing, hooded cape. I know that we are about to make love and I remove the tampon, dropping it into the wastebasket beside the bed. I wait, and then am awake. The hooded figure is no longer in the room and I feel a small pang of disappointment, realizing that the figure was a dream. Abruptly I am horror-stricken at the memory of the discarded tampon, the soiled sheets, and I am half out of bed before I realize that that too was dream stuff; the wastebasket empty.

She lies in the dark shaking, the dream horrible only with comprehension of its unreality. Richard's arm is cold when she accidentally touches him and she huddles away from his body towards her own side of the bed.

...and dreams...

I am excited and a little nervous---our show opens this evening. It is a totally new kind of happening, produced with the power and money diversity of a motion picture, and the form and complexity of an architectural novel. It is the first of a series of "National Lampoon Place Events"---physical satires of actual structures rather than mere publications. Richard and I enter the mock-building, the WISCONSIN ARCH-ARCHIVES. All around us are exhibits, punning statues and glass cases containing supposed Wisconsin memorabilia. A gigantic frieze of Father Joliet exploring the Foxy river, can of Pabst in hand, confronts us in the entrance hall. On the second floor is the mock library and archives completely stocked with bogus texts.

The crowd that jostles through the dusty halls fills the air with laughter and screeches, and I glow with happiness and pride. A clowning guard comes up to me demanding that I stop laughing and take a picture of him.

"Wake up, S.!"

She opens her eyes to find Richard shaking her. "But I don't have a camera," she giggles.

"For God's sake, will you please wake up, S. I'd like to get some sleep. You've been laughing like a hyena for fifteen minutes."

"Oh please... I don't want to wake up. Leave me alone."

And I dream of going to bed and falling asleep to dream of going to bed and falling asleep only to dream again of going to bed and again falling asleep, and... deeper and deeper until I am far beneath the surface of unconsciousness.

But soon afterwards, the alarm rings and I linger in bed, too tired to hurry; I feel as if I haven't slept at all. There is no time for breakfast and there are no seats on the bus. My discomfort feeds my anger. If anyone talks to me I am sure that I will lash out at them right there on the bus. I feel a strange anxiety... as if I am about to do something drastic. When I walk into the office, I see Ruthe stalking the room. Her head is swiveling wildly, her arms agitated as she points and jabs out her directions. The cogs are crouching and scurrying, carrying papers and pens and paper clips and boxes of fine brown dust between the desks.

I am confused at first; there seems to be no reason for the chaos. Then Ruthe swings her machine gun around and points it at me.

She grins broadly and the transistors gleam from inside her mouth. "Efficiency, S. Efficiency. Let's click now. We're moving our desks today. You are over there." She waves her machine gun in the direction my new desk is to be located, two rows closer to the central Machine.

I realize what is happening now. Like a kindergarten class, we are changing desks so that there will be less "socializing." I choke my anger back when Ruthe again swings toward me, this time not grinning but waving the gleaming steel trap at me threateningly.

"Now, S."

But I stand still, the fury evaporating when I see Richard behind Ruthe, his head

bowed over a clipboard tapping out statistics of efficiency. He looks up vaguely, seeing me for the first time since I entered. Exasperation and contempt appear on his face as he observes my hesitation.

"Now, S," they both drone.

There is a clamp on my head crushing inward and I cannot scream. I clutch my head, trying to break free. I cry out in pain; I want to go away, to fall back through the door, to turn away, and hide my face in the pillow...

...and clutching the pillow, my tears are hot on the cotton cover, my nose running. Disoriented, I worry that I still must face Ruthe today, thinking that all this did really happen the day before. And then I am calm, fully awake. It is 8:30; I should be at work now. It is too late and I can't be late two days in a row. I go to call the office. I will take the whole day off, catch up on my sleep -- I'm so tired -- Hello Ruthe, this is S. I won't be able to come into work this morning. I'm not feeling well. OK. Thanks. I'll see you Thursday. She didn't believe me, but so what. My head stops pounding as I contemplate what I will do with my free day, with no work and Richard gone.

Perhaps I could work on a design for a print for this year's Christmas cards. Or I could do some writing. But why am I just laying around in bed? If I don't get up I will stay here all morning.

The phone rings and she wakes completely. Stumbling to the phone she is confused about whether or not she actually did call work. Yes, she must have. She can still hear the sound of Ruthe's voice, the pause before she assented to S.'s request. . . . But she hadn't called at all. And it is Ruthe who is on the phone now; she barely accepts S.'s mumbled excuses and suggests that they "talk about it the next day." The suggestion has the tone of a death sentence to it. S.'s headache returns now in full force.

"How many times am I going to have to wake up before I'm sure I'm awake?" she mumbles as she makes her bed.

She does a little more cleaning and then wanders from kitchen to bedroom, too nervous to sit down and begin working on any project. An old college friend calls up and S. invites her to lunch. Glad to have something she must do for an hour or so, she prepares some salads. Jane has stayed in school, and is a graduate student in S.'s former department. S. is eager to talk to her, but worried too. They've had less and less in common since the days when they never seemed to run out of conversation. But the afternoon turns out well -- S.'s headache disappears as they talk, and energy flows between them.

"...a work of art isn't actually art until someone sees it and is communicated to by the artist. Art is communication--" Jane makes chopping motions upon the table to emphasize her ideas.

"No, I don't see that." I find myself more excited by this argument, by these ideas than I have felt for weeks. "I think art happens at the moment it is conceived, whether published afterwards, or stuffed into the bottom of a trunk and never seen, or even if it is merely thought. Maybe there's another work of art created when someone else views it or reads it, but that's another, new work of art. An artist is no less of an artist because the art isn't publically articulated."

Later after Jane leaves, and both of us have glowingly promised to continue getting together, hugging each other happily; I write about the ideas we'd been discussing in my journal. It has been a very long time since I have wanted to write there. By the time Richard has returned home I've gotten over eleven pages filled with excited ... scrawls.

Their argument forgotten, he is full of excitement about his promotion. The interview was successful and they laugh together in happiness as he tells her about it.

"I had a good day too," she begins, telling him about the conversation with Jane, but nervously editing her account as she sees his eyes becoming bored, his fingers drumming on the table.

He makes no comment after she is finished telling him, pausing as he seems to consider the discussion, and says, "But seriously -- I think next month we might be able to buy a car with the higher salary I'll be getting. We'll certainly be in a much

better situation financially!"

"Oh, great," she whispers, forcing her lips up into a smile.

"Well cheer up, S. -- You don't seem very enthusiastic you know." He grins and tears a sheet out of her journal which is lying open on the table. It is one on which she had written that afternoon and she is speechless with shock at what he is doing. He folds it into an airplane and throws it at her, laughing. "Hey, we're FREE!" he shouts.

She asks to be excused from dinner cut that night and he storms out of the house alone, raging. She goes to bed early -- the sun has barely set -- and cries into the pillow.

I dream of falling asleep and getting undressed and slipping beneath enormous depths of blankets and quilts and falling asleep, dreaming of going to bed and falling asleep (the heaviness and pressure draining out through the back of my head), and dreaming of falling asleep -- each time descending a level deeper, through the floor of the bedroom, closing the trap door above me and locking it by pushing a heavy beam across it. I watch through windows as I fall slowly past them -- Ruth and countless episodes with Richard fly faster and faster away from my view. I am descending through the deepest part of the ocean, the cable above me frayed and torn from the mother ship. They are all disappearing. I am stumbling down an endless escalator, running down the moving steps, hurrying to assure any return impossible. I am falling through the granite of the earth's mantle, melting the rock below me as I fall, but seeing the rock above me quite solid with no trace of a tunnel to crawl back up through.

It will be a hard thing for them to wake me this time.

[ARTICLE COPYRIGHT BY JEANNE GOMOLL, 1976]

Double Trouble

John Bartelt

Robert J. Leahy, Captain of the star ship Robert H. Goddard, sat in his quarters, reading a science fiction novel, when the navigator (and astrophysicist), Johann Forschend, called from the bridge. "Captain! We've been surrounded by six alien ships, of unknown origin, and they're threatening to blow us out of space! We've lost all power -- we're on emergency batteries! We've lost pressure on decks 6 and 7, and there're reports of a fire on deck 4! Captain, what do we do?"

"When in danger, or in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout. Why don't you get down here -- I'll call Hamlov, and we'll play a little sheepshead," the Captain replied.

"I laid it on a little thick again, eh?"

"Just a little," Leahy said.

Lt. Forschend left the bridge of the ship in the hands of a fellow officer, and met the chief engineer in the Captain's quarters. A few hands had gone by, when, as Forschend was winning a leaster, a twisting, wrenching sensation hit.

"Bridge!" Leahy demanded, hitting the intercom, "What the hell was that?"

"We've been pulled back into normal space -- sub-c," Nellesekhar, the science officer, replied. They had been travelling as tachyons at about 1000 times the speed of light; now they were crawling through space at about 300 kilometers per second. Leahy threw a questioning glance to Forschend, as the two of them headed for the bridge.

"Emergency brake," Forschend said. "Something pulled us off course."

"Such as?" the Captain continued.

Shrugging, Forschend said, "An uncharted mass; a big uncharted mass; a goddamn big uncharted mass. Nothing else could affect us significantly; not while we were on the fast side of the light barrier."

They entered the bridge and headed for their positions. "What have you got, Nell?" Leahy asked the science officer.

Nellesekhar responded: "We've got the direction of the body, but distance and mass are still very uncertain. We'll know better when we've changed position with respect to it."

"Come on! A rough estimate," the Captain demanded.

"Well, between a half to a tenth light-minute away; three to twelve solar masses." Nellesekhar replied.

"All right recommendations: do we try to pull away, or just swing around it in a hyperbola?"

"Since we can't see it, it must be a black hole, or some kind of collapsar. It would be a good chance to study it," Forschend said. "I'd say hyperbolic."

"We don't even know how far away it is, or what the hell its mass is," the Captain reminded him. "How are you going to figure the course?"

"We've already refined our estimates: three to six solar masses, .15 to .25 light-minutes," Forschend replied. "And we'll keep on refining; we'll be able to correct our path all along the way. And we should be able to pull out later."

"Any objections to a hyperbola?" the Captain asked. "OK, Mr. Forschend, plot away."

The Captain's intercom chimed. "Captain, this is Hamlov. A lot of equipment got shook up in the unexpected transition. Engines 3,4, 8, and 12 are out; 2, 7, and 11 are doubtful."

"Get to work on them," Leahy ordered the engineer. "That leaves us three engines in back, two in front. I don't think we want to climb out of a well like this on three engines. OK, watch the trajectory closely, Mr. Forschend -- keep us a good distance; remember, we're going to have the tidal forces to cope with."

"Aye, aye," Forschend replied. "We'll come within less than a light-second; about 200 thousand kilometers."

"Fine; and don't forget to get a fix on our position; we've got to report this thing to Earth," the Captain said.

It was sometime later when Forschend reported, "We'll make our closest approach in 47 minutes. And it is a black hole; and it's rotating."

"So all the space around here is warped to hell," Leahy said, "from the mass and the rotation."

"Captain, I'm picking up radio pulses," Lt. Moreno reported. "Like what we get from a pulsar."

"I thought you said this was a black hole," the Captain snapped at Forschend.

"It is. I don't know what those pulses are from. This thing isn't a neutron star. Unless--" Forschend paused. Feed the pulse pattern into the computer. Request permission to go to the observatory, Captain."

"Permission granted."

Ten minutes later, Forschend called the bridge: "Captain, we're in a heap of trouble" "What is it?"

"The pulse period is varying."

"That's impossible. Isn't it?"

"Normally, yes; it would just be decreasing very slowly. But this is a black hole we're going by. The pulses are from a neutron star, that just happens to be orbiting the hole."

"I'm almost afraid to ask. What's our course with respect to it?"

"We're headed almost straight into it; actually, sort of between the hole and star. And accelerating," the astrophysicist threw back.

"I don't suppose we can pass between them and stay intact; let's get us some room," the Captain said. He called engineering: "How are the repairs coming?"

"We've made a little progress; 2 and 11 are all right; 7 will be back in service in a moment," Hamlov replied. "The rest will take more work."

"Concentrate on 3, 4, and 8; 12 can wait," the Captain ordered. He called Forschend back: "How about it? Are you going to get us by?"

"On five engines? We can open 2, 6, and 7 up, but we'll have to throttle 1 and 5 to balance the thrust. I don't know, Captain. The fuel tanks aren't full. I think I can get us around it, but whether we'll be able to take the tidal forces is another question. We can't get everybody into the center of gravity."

That was an understatement; there were 87 men and women aboard; not more than 3 or 4 could ride the tide at the center. And the inescapable fact was that anyone not at the center would be killed, if they passed too close to the pulsar.

"OK, fire those things up. Do the best you can. Keep us on a hyperbola; we sure don't want to get into orbit around this thing. And keep enough fuel in reserve to get us home," the Captain said.

Lt. Forschend applied himself to the task until he could report back. "The best we can do, Captain."

"Your estimate of the tidal force we can expect?" the Captain asked.

"No good, Captain," Forschend replied resignedly. "Anyone not at the center of gravity of the vessel will not survive."

"I can't accept that," Leahy replied.

"I'm sorry," Forschend said.

The Captain contemplated the situation; it seemed such a damn simple thing. The closer an object is to another object, the more strongly it's attracted to it. If two satellites orbit a planet, the one closer has to go faster to maintain its orbit. The trouble with the pulsar -- or any collapsar -- was that force of attraction changed so much over such a small distance. The ship followed its path, being accelerated in accordance with the distance between the collapsar and its center of gravity; but people on the side of the ship facing the collapsar would be more strongly attracted, would want to orbit faster -- and would be crushed against the hull. That was tidal force. The opposite would happen on the opposite side of the ship, but with equally lethal effects.

The Captain considered: he could save a few people, but then came the problem of choosing them; and then, out of self-sacrifice, they'd refuse. He could send out the landing crafts, but they'd only save one more person each. They'd need one ship for everybody. One ship for everybody? Of course! One ship for everybody!

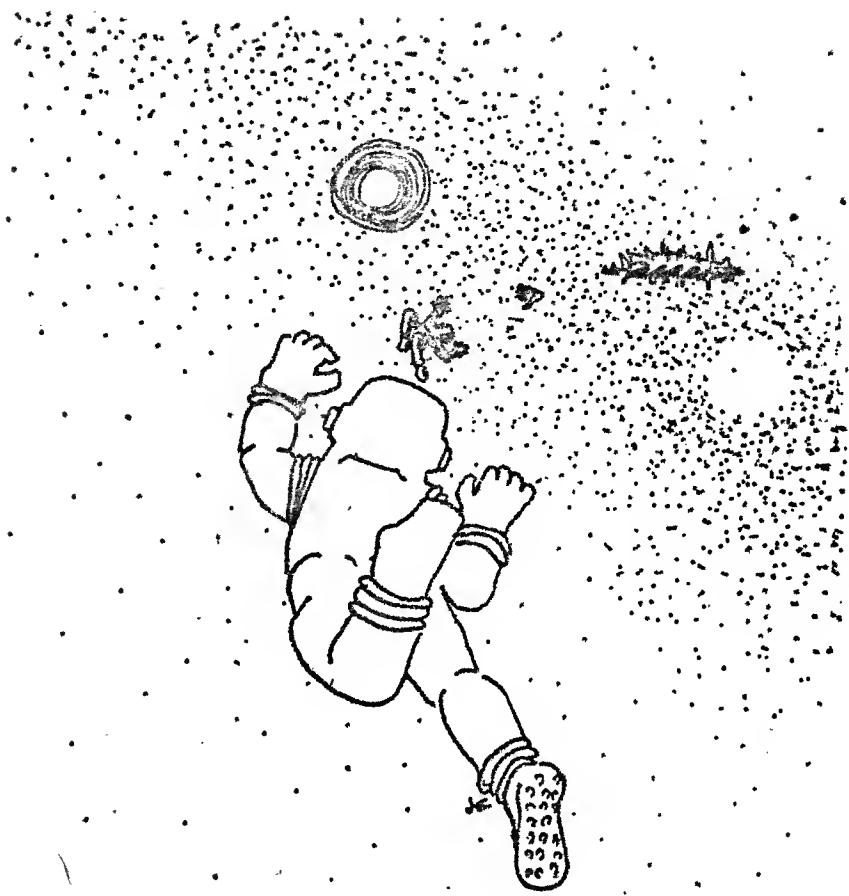
"Forschend," he called into the intercom, "how long until the closest approach?"

"About 12 minutes. Should start feeling the tides any minute. Why?"

The Captain cut him off and switched to ship-wide address: "All hands, all hands, don spacesuits immediately. Repeat: all hands, don your spacesuits; then report to the nearest airlock. I want a nice, orderly, evacuation. Landing craft pilots, report to the landing craft bay. Supplementary fuel tanks for maneuvering packs will be issued to all personnel. Standby for further orders."

The Captain saw to it that the landing crafts, the Scorpio and the Andromeda, were put adrift. He addressed the crew via suit radios: "All personnel will abandon ship; stay close together, but don't try to hold on to each other; conserve your maneuvering fuel. The landing craft will be around to help collect you, once we get past the pulsar."

Soon the three ships and 87 people were all moving independently, all in almost the same hyperbola, all at a good fraction of the speed of light. Their slightly different velocities tended to spread them out, so there was a string of people, a ship, more people, another ship, and a few more people, all speeding past a pulsar, with a



black hole in the background, which could only be detected by the light bending around it.

Forschend called the Captain: "The Goddard will hold together, won't it?"

"You'd better hope so; it's gonna be a long, crowded trip anywhere, with 87 people in two little landing crafts," the Captain said. "We haven't lost anybody yet, have we?"

"No we're holding together pretty well," Forschend said.

"OK; I think we're through the worst of it; we can probably start collecting everybody in another couple minutes," Leahy said.

Soon the people closest to the Goddard began going in through the airlocks; other people went for the landing crafts, which then picked up the stragglers. Within 15 minutes everyone was back on board the main ship.

As the Goddard swung away from the pair of collapsars, the crew prepared to start the star drive. Captain Leahy found Lt. Forschend in a contemplative mood. "What's on your mind, Lieutenant?" Leahy asked.

Rousing himself from his reverie he replied, "Oh, uh, nothing really. I was just wondering: what if it had been a triple...?"

[ARTICLE COPYRIGHT BY JOHN BARTELT, 1976]



THE MIDGET, THE GORILLA, AND THE CAMERAMAN

PETER WERNER

decided on, anyway. She spit the gorilla in the eye for what he had done. She giggled. "Put me down!" The midget threatened furiously, slapping the gorilla mask with her tiny hands, but the girl giggled again. "Put me down, or I'll turn you to stone!"

"Put you down? I'll do no such thing, you little rascal. Except, I'm afraid of what might happen to me, so I guess I better. What do you think?" The man in the gorilla suit laughed at the humor of the situation, but then he set her on her feet. He followed the script again, and acted as if he were crying.

"Boo-hoo!" he whined, covering his face mask with both hands and turning away from her. He bent his head and chest down for emphasis, and dramatized sadness with loud sniffing sounds and stomping motions of his giant feet.

The midget seemed not to know what to do. With narrowed eyes, she glanced swiftly right and left, and then all at once she ran off into the bushes.

According to plan, the gorilla followed her with stomping strides; the cameraman kept right behind him to film the action.

"If you won't be my best friend---" The gorilla shouted the beginning of his threat. But then the man laughed at how the girl would alternately giggle and shriek her delight, turning her head back several times to make sure he was following---right after she shrieked at his close approach, the midget would dart away among the bushes.

But then suddenly the cameraman interrupted: "Control yourself, you ape! It's not a girl you're chasing; it's a midget!"

"I know!" The embarrassed man barked back with impotent rage. The gorilla kept more in character when he continued; he was supposed to act hurt and angry. But the girl was

In a bright, woodland clearing, three masked people were making a film of their one-act play.

The mouth of the person who aimed a movie camera at the other two frowned from the painstaking concentration required in turning the crank at a constant speed. But then the cameraman's mouth smirked haughtily at the comic stealth of a man trudging with upraised arms toward the vulnerable back of an absent-minded child. The man was dressed in a gorilla suit, while the child was dressed up as a midget.

The person dressed in the gorilla suit placed a heavy, reassuring hand on the shoulder of the midget, and said in a serious tone: "Don't be afraid, little man. I love you. You are my best friend. Kiss me!!" His chuckle could scarcely be heard by the cameraman.

The midget laughed and snubbed her dainty nose up at the gorilla. She felt funny being called a little man. Besides, she was perfectly content to eat blackberries---quiet and undisturbed---all by herself.

"Kiss!" The hands of the gentle gorilla turned the little girl's shoulders around so she was facing toward him. Then he took her under the arms and lifted her up and suddenly swung her wild and free, around and around. The girl was shrieking in delight when the man kissed her, but the midget followed the plot they had

decided on, anyway. She spit the gorilla in the eye for what he had done. She giggled.

"Put me down!" The midget threatened furiously, slapping the gorilla mask with her tiny hands, but the girl giggled again. "Put me down, or I'll turn you to stone!"

"Put you down? I'll do no such thing, you little rascal. Except, I'm afraid of what

might happen to me, so I guess I better. What do you think?" The man in the gorilla

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"I know!" The embarrassed man barked back with impotent rage. The gorilla kept more

in character when he continued; he was supposed to act hurt and angry. But the girl was

still giggling and waiting.

"Just you remember one thing," he shouted. "No matter where you hide, I'll find you; no matter who helps you, I'll slap you until you die! So you better come back now and be my friend, you little devil!" The gorilla really sounded like he meant it, but the man chuckled underneath his breath when he saw the midget suddenly stop giggling and dash under the cover of a blackberry bush.

The midget cowered according to plan. But the girl unconsciously munched blackberries and pouted. Suddenly she looked up with wide-open eyes as if caught unawares, and blushed. The gorilla had found her, but she had forgotten what she was supposed to do next. She'd have to make it up. She was scared.

"If you don't kiss me, I'm going to kill you!" The man in the gorilla suit continued acting, but now his pained laughter brought no giggles or shrieks of delight.

She opened her eyes wider a moment, then looked to the cameraman for reassurance, not sure if the man was still acting, or if he turned into a gorilla because she forgot. The cameraman gave her a wry smile, and nodded purposefully.

"I don't like you!" the girl improvised. She backed up unconsciously, deeper under the blackberry bush. Absentmindedly she picked more blackberries and munched them, while waiting to see what the gorilla would do.

The gorilla got down on his hands and knees and tried to crawl in after her. At that, the midget shrieked nervously, and crouched deeper still under the thorny bush.

"Hey! You're supposed to come out!" The gorilla sounded impatient with the midget. But the girl wasn't sure what the man thought, so she started crying and screaming.

"You better leave her alone and let me take care of this," the cameraman suggested. "She thinks you're really mad at her."

"Well, now I think about it, I guess I was a little mad at her," he conceded rather quickly. "But I can take care of it myself." Then he cajoled the girl with soft, friendly tones: "C'mon out, honey. The movie's over now. Daddy wasn't hurt. Daddy loves you. C'mon out now." He backed out of the bush and squatted to wait.

"Are you sure you're not mad at me, Daddy? I forgot what to do."

"No, I'm not mad. Come out. Please."

"Daddy just got carried away with his acting," the cameraman reassured her with an ironic glance at the gorilla. "It's safe to come out now."

Hesitantly the midget wiped the tears from her eyes and crawled out of her hiding spot and looked up shyly at the gorilla. He was standing in front of her.

"I'll kiss you if you take off that awful mask, Daddy. It scares me."

He took off the mask, then returned the cameraman's taunt: "I guess I did take the movie too seriously." He tried to hide the resentment in his tone from the girl.

"Take off your mask too, honey. Your mustache." He looked at the girl.

When she had obeyed him, the man lifted the girl up under her shoulders and swung her around until she shrieked and giggled with delight. Then he took her close and kissed her, and she hugged his neck. She whispered in his ear: "I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too," he kissed her again, and hugged her harder.

But then the cameraman asked, "Can I get into this too?" The cameraman came close.

"Forget it!" said the former gorilla. "She's all mine." He laughed at the cameraman, eager to see what would happen. The girl mimicked, "Forget it!"

"Well, I'm coming in too, like it or not!" the cameraman proclaimed and rushed to swoop down on them with outstretched arms.

But the former gorilla was faster. He laughed and ran off with the girl and hid in the forest.

"It's the movie again, Daddy!" the girl exclaimed in excited tones.

But then the cameraman found them and grabbed on tight.

"You'll never get away with that again!"

"Wanna bet?" the man spoke frivulously.

The cameraman started kissing his mouth, but he pushed off.

"Stop that, cameraman! I don't like you!" the man exaggerated, making his voice artificially high and melodic like a girl's sing-song. He hugged the girl harder a moment, and grinned at her knowingly, to show her he was not making fun of her.

"Please. I've had enough of this now. Stop acting like a gorilla!"

"Who's acting? I am a gorilla!" He snubbed his nose up, and looked coldly at trees.

"Well, you know where you can go, then: back to the jungle!" The cameraman slapped the man's face sharply, and stalked off with furious steps back toward the clearing.

"You know what, Daddy?"

"What?"

"I think we all took the movie too serious."

"Seriously. Yes, you're right," he sighed. "You go first and make up to your mother, and then I'll come right behind."

The girl ran to the cameraman, yelling, "Mommy!" when she saw her.

The cameraman stopped, set the camera on a tree stump, and waited for the girl.

"Daddy doesn't want to make movies any more," was the girl's advice.

The cameraman hugged and kissed the girl, stooping down awkwardly.

"You tell him to come to me now if he really means it," the woman added, doubtful.

The girl ran back to her father, and told him, "She wants you to come."

"Thanks." The man breathed deeply in relief.

"Anytime!" The girl was proud of herself, and grinned widely. Then suddenly on a whim, she stomped hard on the ground close to the man's feet, and laughed. The man looked at her in surprise, but then he laughed and chased after her all the way back to the clearing. The girl hid behind her mother, and giggled.

The cameraman looked at the man crossly as he suddenly feinted several quick moves to reach around and grasp the girl, who giggled and shrieked with delight. Then he shadowboxed the woman's face---he pulled down her camera and her mask and set them on the ground next to a treestump several yards away, when he had proved she was helpless.

"I'm tired of your games!" The cameraman lost her temper.

"Oh, I agree with you: word for word!" He smirked as he grabbed his wife and tickled her in the ribs on both sides.

"Stop it!" Frowning her disapproval, the woman pushed his hands down from groping where they wanted, and she turned her back toward him---but only after she had let out an embarrassing scream of delight.

The little girl looked up at her mother, unsure of what was expected of her. The woman responded by patting her daughter on top of the head distractedly.

"Get the camera," she ordered. The girl walked a few reluctant paces away toward the tree stump, but stopped short to look shyly at her father to see if he was mad.

But the man laughed to himself loud enough for everyone to hear, while looking down at his wife. Then suddenly he grabbed around underneath her arms from behind. She evaded him, bolting just as suddenly for freedom, turning back to grin victoriously.

At that, the girl's father made a mad dash toward his daughter, who ran away laughing and shrieking her delight at being the one he wanted. He caught and hugged her.

But then the woman taunted: "You'll never catch me now!" His wife laughed at his inadequacy, while balancing on tiptoe on top of an uprooted and fallen treetrunk.

At that insulting gesture, the girl's father let go of her, and, growling his rage, replaced his gorilla mask. Then he ran to the treetrunk as fast as his costume-encumbered legs could carry him---miraculously he vaulted up beside the woman to rout her jumping from her perch. He chased her shrieking, tantalizing figure away into the woods.

The little girl's reaction to this sudden turnabout was to laugh and shriek and clap her hands, and to jump vigorously up and down until she was pooped. But then, as she was left all alone to herself, she simmered down and remembered her mother's last orders. They seemed unimportant now, but she retrieved the camera, and sat down with it on the fallen treetrunk her parents had fought for. Her father had deserted her---she found her eyes brimming with tears. She tried to bring back her laughter at how her father had routed her mother, but her laughs came choking and hurting. Her fingers clutched the camera, but found no reassurance there. She cradled it carefully in the branches---then suddenly she jumped off to the ground, to hop and skip like a songbird. She flicked her arms out and down like wings, until she found a blackberry bush blocking her path. With her nose and mouth she pecked at the ripe berries, and she munched the sweetest of the ones she caught between her lips.

It was a bright, happy spot she perched on, so she kept the dark secret behind her mystifying sing-song to herself. But she shared the sounds she made with the golden, dark-faced warblers that flitted in and out of the blackberry bush: the winged dancers

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 46]



Janus reviews

Science fiction fans should be interested to see this imaginative SF story (by a previously unpublished author) in TALES* Magazine, which (last I heard) is a large circulation magazine devoted exclusively to short fiction, paying (last I heard) \$125 per story. At that price, and in that market, you can expect to find something good.

But what about this SF story? What sort of level in writing is really demanded by big markets? If "Perchance to Dream" is a fair indication, a writer can create a polished conceptual flop, and almost get away with it.

I say he can almost get away with it, because, despite the money he receives, and the appearance of his story in a large circulation magazine, a flawed story is going to be criticised by any conscientious reader. The title of Jack Stuart's tale was perhaps

*TALES (Box 24226, St. Louis, Mo. 63130.)



HOW NOT TO WRITE A SHORT STORY-- AND STILL CONVINCE A "BIG" MAGAZINE TO PRINT IT

BY PETER WERNER
A REVIEW OF JACK STUART'S "PERCHANCE
TO DREAM" IN TALES*, VOL. 3, NO. 1,
SUMMER, 1976

meant to suggest that this story is about a dream -- but perhaps the story itself is an unfulfilled dream, and a hoax, just as what happened in it might have been a hoax, rather than the recording by machine of a dream. The plot might have been interesting: an inventor whom nobody believes makes a machine which he claims records a person's thoughts while dreaming; the subject dreams about his own paralysis (and his execution because no one believes he is alive), and as he awakes, he discovers he really is paralyzed; the story ends without comment by the inventor or the witness (narrator). Ironically, a few more well-chosen lines of comment by one of these characters could have saved an otherwise-excellent story from the graveyard of stories that almost made it, if only....

The story as a whole is flawed, because the ending is not appropriate, which prevents the plot from being convincing: given that the inventor's integrity is in question at the beginning of the tale, and that the witness doubts him, then the whole point of the story that serves as a framework for the SF story of a dream of paralysis is either (a) to convince the witness, and the reader, that the inventor has integrity and that his invention works, or (b) to leave us in doubt, or (c) to convince us that the inventor is a quack perpetrating a hoax. But as the story is written, while the writer clearly intended (a), he produces (b), or even (c). Because, for one thing, to convince us of the inventor's integrity, he uses the results of his invention as proof, forgetting that the invention is such that it cannot be believed to produce said results, unless we first believe in the inventor. An impossible logical circle.

The invention is not to be believed in the first place, because it is preposterous that a machine recording brain waves could in any simple way translate them into speech, especially if the recording is made from the brain as a whole, as in the story -- why should the electrical characteristics of the brain's surface be in any way correlated with speech? And a correlation on-to-one with speech? Absurd! Besides, why should the witness, who doubts the inventor's integrity, believe the tape he hears was recorded from a sleeping man's brain? It could have been a play made by a waking man -- a hoax by the inventor himself.

I'll assume that the writer intended us to believe the subject still alive at the end of the tape -- if he's dead, how could he still have brainwaves producing the speech recording? I'll skim over the flaw where the stupid witness cannot comprehend that the man on the tape is still dreaming, rather than actually physically being taken to the morgue.

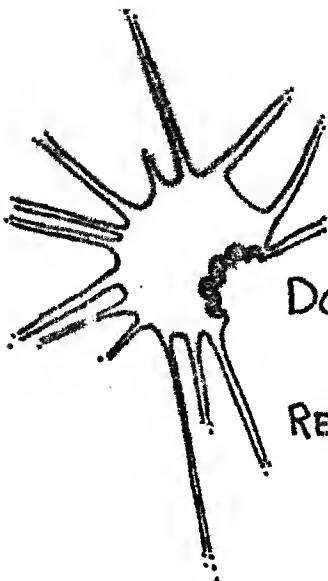
This brings us to the ending, or rather, the lack of a proper ending. The subject is alive. We are apparently supposed to believe that history repeats itself, that the man was now known to be alive by the inventor, but was executed in the morgue, as in the dream he had -- only because the inventor did not tell! The case is definitely not parallel! Someone knows the man is alive.

The integrity of the inventor, and of the writer of this story, could have been saved, vindicated, at this point: all that was necessary was to have the inventor substantiate his dream-recording with a fact from the real world -- that, for instance, the inventor saved the man's life by convincing the doctors he was just paralyzed. Even if the inventor's integrity proves to be nonexistent (as, for instance, the case where he does not tell the doctors that he knows the man is alive), the story still could be saved: the witness can doubt the inventor's scientific honesty or he can condemn his sense of morals.

And if the inventor found out too late to save his experiments subject (as suggested very weakly in the opening by the inventor's brief mention of his having gone to an unspecified funeral before he listened to the tape), he should have said so, and felt sorry, instead of merely "distractedly" turning off the tape at the story's end. Even so, one flaw is nearly fatal by itself: incredibly, the subject just happened to become paralyzed the very night he first tried out the invention -- when I read the story I wondered if the machine was responsible.

But what is really incredible to me as a writer is that TALES accepted Jack Stuart's story as presently written. A quality magazine ought not make mistakes such as this. No one--the writer included--benefits from the printing of a polished conceptual flop.

[ARTICLE COPYRIGHT BY HANS-PETER WERNER, 1976]



DON'T BITE THE SUN, TANITH LEE
DAW #184; 158 pp.; \$1.25

REVIEWED BY THOMAS J. MURN

This thing is not for the easily bored, I'm afraid. It took three false starts before I plowed through to the end -- or to be more precise, where the pages left off, as the story has no real ending.

The story: usual hippies-of-the-23rd-century, doing 'freaky' things in the face of superficially-benevolent and all-pervasive Big Brother. The "Jangs" are the particular in-group, and they

have a cute little hip vocabulary all to themselves. Examples: goma means "darling," tosky is neurotic. Mayhaps with some glass and substance Tony Burgess could make something out of this flaccid jabber, but for me, the slang in DBTS is a smelly old trip. The italicized Jang vocabulary is a distraction, and it's not helped at all by uninspired conception and application.

Well, the "Jang" themselves are a kind of perpetual adolescent subsociety, apparently conceived of and propagated by the aforementioned Big Brother, the 'Committee.' Actually, I don't know if the Committee were the brains behind the operation. I don't know very much at all about the way that the society is supposed to work, even from the heroine's point of view. Lee's characters tell the reader almost nothing. They toss around terms such as "sixth-" and "seventh-dimensional," mention "quasi-robots" and "body-displacing machines" with casual abandon, deliberately obscure.

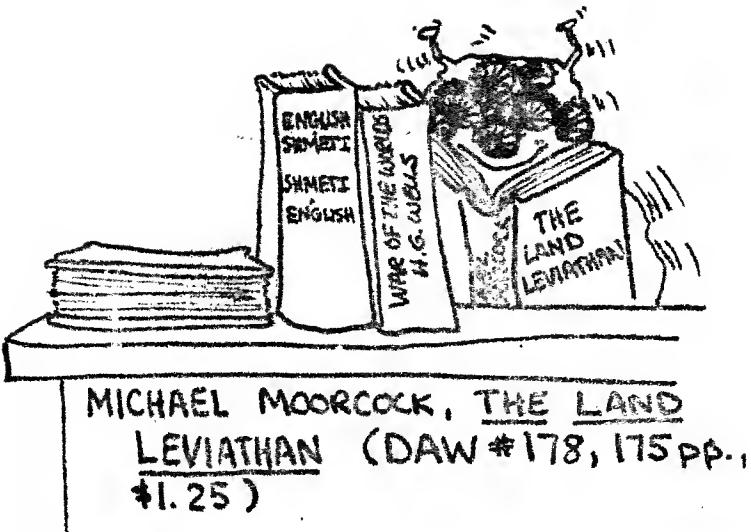
And the reason that the characters are so close-lipped about such marvelous inventions becomes apparent as the book grinds to a close. Ms. Lee hasn't done her homework, in biology, psychology, sociology, history... and the plot staggers and dies, and things keep occurring for no apparent cause, literary or otherwise...

Some of the random occurrences: the heroine tries to have a baby, with herself as both partners yet (!) but fails; she makes a trip Outside the City-Dome, and feels Real Nature for the first time; and before, during and after this the heroine remains the same spacy, nothing person. No changes. No anguished decisions involving radically changed societal conditions. No thrills.

If you're hungering for a visionary experience, for entertainment or even an evening's diversion, this shoddy affair will be about as satisfying as half a Rye Crisp. It's like Ron Goulart without satire or irony, a few fancy phrases and a dream sequence or two, mainly feeble filler. And the strangest thing about this book is that it follows a fairly competent first effort, THE BIRTHGRAVE. I was expecting a lot more from Ms. Lee, and I got a lot less. But maybe that's for the better.

--One thing I will say in the book's favor. Of all the hippies-in-the-23rd-century adventures I've read so far (and that totals up to a fair amount), DBTS has to be the first that doesn't use even ONE blatant reference to the 1960's (you know, where the hero quotes Bob Dylan from memory, or says 'I remember back on Old Earth there actually used to be wars between the students and the administrators in centers of higher learning' -- or some such damfool thing as that. At least for this small favor, Ms. Lee, I'm grateful.

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Report of the IMPERIAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDIES COMMISSION IASC
Division #183-3 / Planet GHC-12130H

This latest selection of relic literature from planet GHC-12130H has been translated and examined by our experts in Division 183-3. Following is a short synopsis of the significance of planet GHC-12130H and its cultural manifestation, followed by brief initial reports on individual works, as prepared by our division.

Certain writings of the indigenous dominant species of planet GHC-12130H, which we have previously examined, have long been known to deal with relatively sophisticated themes. This is the exception rather than the rule for artifacts of most major developmental stages of the dominant species; the bulk of items

examined suggest a relatively low level of socio-scientific achievement.

These latest writings were found on grid 554-M-021-N of the planet, which lies in the northern, climatically moderate area. Most of the evidence for a more "advanced" scale of social activity (on the Ske-Ptmin scale of species-equivalent sophistication, no higher than 13/63) has been found in this area; so it was not a complete surprise to discover that some of these newly-unearthed writings dealt, in fictional form, with ethical questions such as the conflict of the aggressive nature of a biological, naturally-evolved being with its peace-demanding species-interaction formation; the need of the being for subjugation of acquired traits, in the interest of self-preservation; the question of free will; and the difficulty of maintenance of moral integrity in the face of greater forces.

The ability of the planet's dominant species to (however haphazardly) construct literary arguments dealing in such matters will, in the future, lend more than an archaeological attraction to the writings discovered on GHC-12130H. An example of some of the best fictional material that the Division has so far examined is a work found in the latest grid excavation. The writing carries the title "michael MOORCOCK THE LAND LEVIATHAN by the author of warlord of the air."

Though the writing contains deliberately falsified material meant to alter the reader's conception of the correct temporal placement, the writing can be attributed to almost the latest (last) period of development on GHC-12130H. Evolution of social structures, through conflict which is not necessarily force, is stressed at several points. A certain dictatorial and prejudiced being named Black Attila causes changes in political relationships in ways which allow the reader to consider powerbases of benevolent totalitarianism, popular support vs. subjugation of the minority interests, etc.

Other beings who cause action worthy of metaphysical speculation are: a certain Ghandi, leader of an 'African' nation who creates large concentrations of military force without intending to utilize them; and a certain Una Persson, who is found to be acting in the role of Temporal Alteration Official, something that has not been found to previously exist on GHC-12130H.

For further examination of the abovementioned issues, the student and/or researcher

is referred to the following items, which can be scanned from IASC files:
"michael moorcock THE WARLORD OF THE AIR"

IASC #1833GHC522-M-267-N-0113446

"H.G.WELLS THE WAR OF THE WORLDS" &c.,

IASC #1833GHC496-M-200-N-00024

(Remember: if applying for Scan Permits of Division files, an Access Rating of at least 116 is required.)

The next writing which the Division analyzed remains a puzzle, for no suitable Relevance-reference could be made, even from translated- and data-bank annotated copies. The annotations identified only irony as a device, and an emotional content largely uninterpretable. The annotations did mention a Fahlfloppian word in connection with the emotional content; the Fahlfloppians say "nihilismeh;" but there is no equivalent in our common language. (The Ske-Ptmin scale takes this cultural divergence into scale when comparing our two species.) The writing carries the title "KURT*VONNEGUT SLAUGHTERHOUSE*FIVE." The Division plans to conduct further inquiries into this isolated case of "nihilisme."...

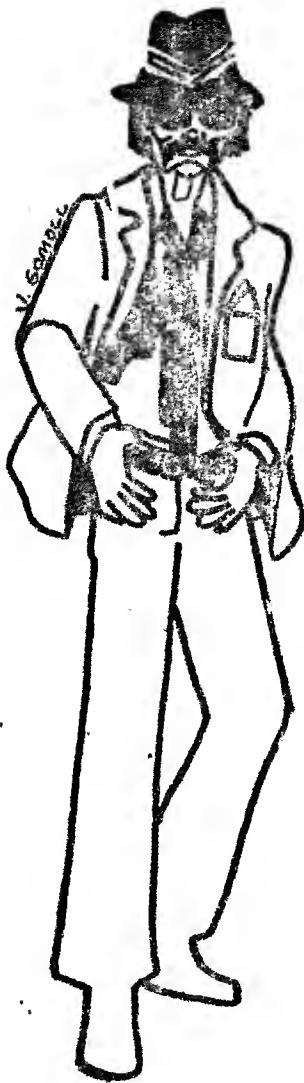
[Article Copyright by Thomas J. Murn for Moan Media, 1976]



Alphaville
screenwriting by Jean Luc Godard
produced by Andre Michelin
reviewed by Douglas H. Price

Alphaville is not what one would expect of a film billed as a science fiction spy thriller, though it does contain trappings of both. A science fiction plotline is coupled with B-picture city scenery to create a bizarre dissonance between what is said and what is seen. The fact that the dialog is in French with subtitles does not help one comprehend the rather disjointed, action present in the film.

Lemmy Caution (yes, that's Lemmy with two m's) secret agent 003 from New York crosses the intergalactic void to reach Alphaville. The superficial resemblance to James Bond is no mistake. He is quite gun-happy. Early in the film, he tests his aim by igniting his cigarette lighter with a blast of his .45 automatic. As a spy from the Outerlands, (the term the denizens of Alphaville apply to the outside worlds) his mission is to capture or liquidate a certain Dr. von Braun. Von Braun was exiled from



New York in 1964 to allow him to work on a theory of his...elsewhere. This theory is defined only hazily by the computer designed to implement the plan, the ALPHA 60.

The plan seems to be the redefinition of man in terms of logic; the salvation of man by his destruction. This appears to be similar to the concept of creative destruction in Gordon Dickson's book, the *NECROMANCER*. Love, poetry, art, all the things that define man are to be forgotten. There is no past or future, only an eternal present. Bodily needs are served by seductresses "section 3," their numbers tatooed on their shoulders. Illogic is punishable by death. Men are executed 50 at a time, with a woman thrown in for variety. Each individual stands on a diving board and speaks of art, love, and poetry, after which they are fatally wounded by a machine gun with the coup de grace delivered by six stone-faced water ballerinas with knives.

Caution eventually causes the ALPHA 60 to destruct itself. The image of the people of Alphaville stumbling down the halls, blinded by the sudden demise of their technology, blinded without the word love, which has been carefully purged from their vocabulary, is powerful and articulate. This film is about what defines a human, and the meaninglessness of existence without it. It is an old theme in science fiction and not out of place here. Another theme of the film is a satirization on the excesses of the "spy story." Caution uses his gun in an off-hand manner that stretches the already distorted limit of credibility present in the genre. Godard seems to be poking fun at the pointless shoot-em-ups this form of storytelling abounds in.

Alphaville is a film science fiction lovers should applaud. The de-emphasis of gadgets and the concentration on good storytelling is quite evident. By using the streets of a European city of the early 60's, we are not held spellbound by how clever the artist and the special effects person are.

The use of black and white film adds to the mystery and suspense by leaching the life out of the city. It appears as emotionally sterile as it is described as being. The beautiful interplay of light and shadow is exploited to the fullest by Godard. The film and the story are arty, but intelligible. While such things can sometimes get in the way of comprehending a film, they, instead, add the flavor of other worldliness that it might be lacking. A good example is at the end, when Caution flees Alphaville through an intergalactic void that suspiciously resembles a freeway at night; interesting symbology, but effective. Overall, I would say this film is a shining example of what science fiction filmmaking could be, (and contrasts with) the banalities we are usually inundated with.

[Article Copyright by Douglas Price, 1976]

[Werner story, continued from page 40.]

stalked noisome insects stirred out of their dark haunts by the voracious pecking action of her bright, red beak on the tips of the infested branches.

[Article Copyright by Hans-Peter Werner, 1976]



notes on incoming fanzines

Rick White

MOTA 14: (Feb. 76) Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick St., Arlington, VA 22205. Available in exchange for humorous articles, artwork, loc, or trade. Publishes humorous articles and artwork about SF, fandom, and related topics.

MYTHOLOGIES 8: (Feb. 76) Don and Sheila D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Dr., East Providence RI 02914. Available for loc or accepted contribution; sample copies available on a one time basis for \$1. MYTHOLOGIES is a personally oriented fanzine. Included in this issue are an article by John Cullovich on his unhappy experience with the Society for Creative Anachronism, a long letters column, and other articles. The cover by Bonnie Dalzell is outstanding.

GODLESS 12: (Feb. 76) Bruce D. Arthurs, 920 N. 82nd St., H-201, Scottsdale, AZ 85257. Available for the usual or 50¢. (The next issue will be larger and will cost 75¢.) Apparently, GODLESS usually contains a variety of material, including book reviews, fiction, and other articles; however, this issue is almost entirely locs. GODLESS 13 will be the Fifth Annish.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 20: (Feb. 76) Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605. Available for trades. Reviews more than 100 zines, with lots of news interspersed.

KARASS 20: (Mar. 76) Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19706. 3/\$1 or news, letters, trades, artwork, or articles. Composed mostly of news of fandom.

LOCUS V. 9, #4: (31 Mar. 76) 34 Ridgewood Lane, Oakland, CA 94611. 1/50¢ 15/\$6, 30/\$12 (individuals); \$10 /yr (15 issues) for institutions. The newspaper of the SF field. Contains news of fandom, notes on SF magazines, upcoming books and films, and other miscellaneous information.

SELDON'S PLAN 38: (Mar. 76) The Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102 SCB, Wayne State University, Detroit, Mich. 48202. Available for the usual or \$1, 4/\$3.50. This excellent, serious fanzine, which is edited by Cy Chauvin, has a number of good articles, including a James Blish-Brian Aldiss conversation (from October, 1973) and critical articles on the works of John Brunner and Brian Stableford. This issue also has a nice front cover by Paula Marmor; a back cover credit is given, but our copy had no back cover artwork.

UWM UNION SFF V. 4 #1: (Winter 76) Union W330, 2200 East Kenwood Blvd., Milwaukee, WI 53201. 50¢/issue or \$2/yr (about 4 issues). Edited by Phil Taterczynski, this amateur magazine (not one of those nasty fanzines, declares the editor) is devoted primarily to fiction. This issue also has an interview with Andre Norton (recorded in July, '75).